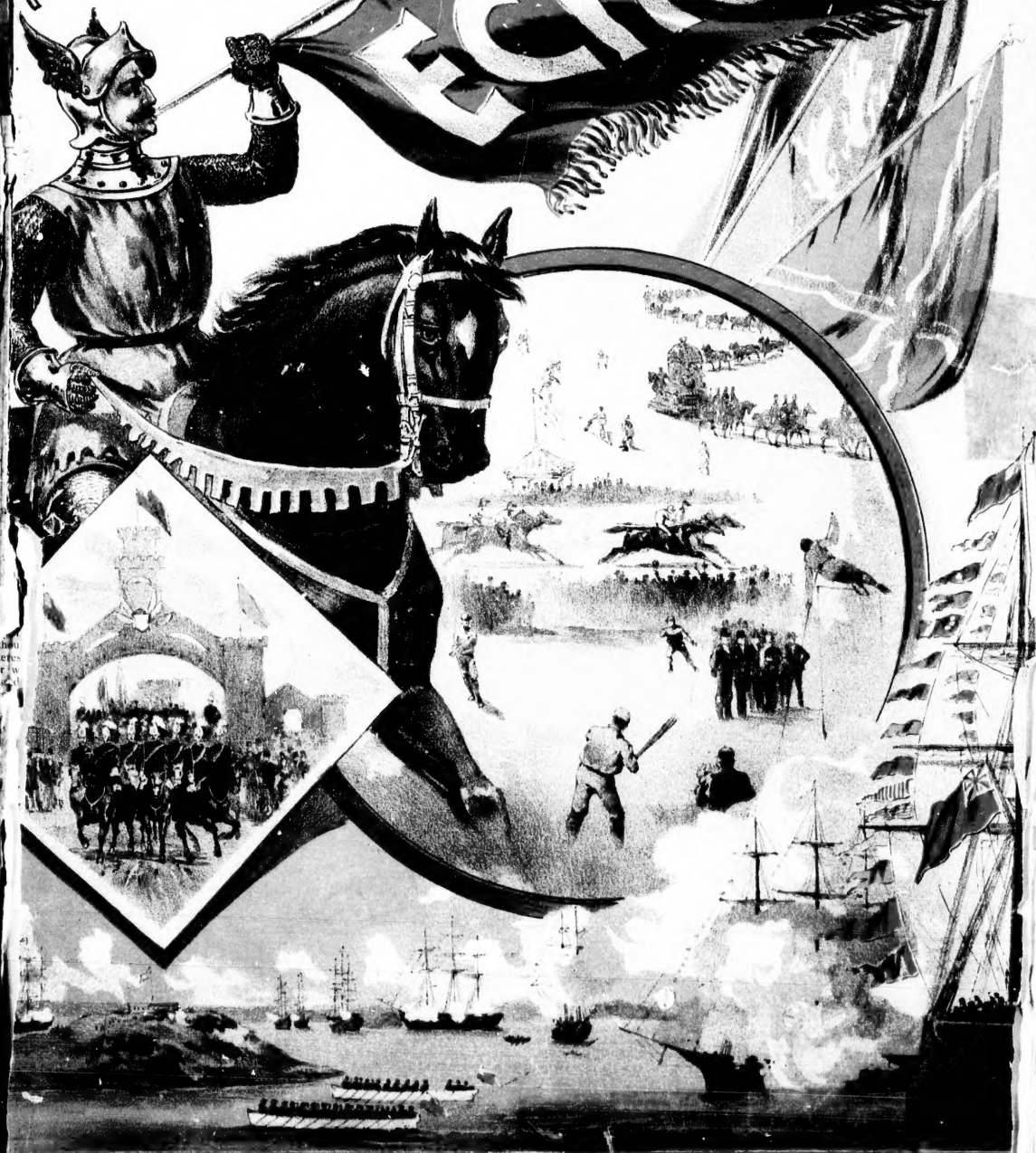


HALIFAX CARNIVAL

AND SUMMER 1889.



QUEEN HOTEL

HALIFAX, N.S.

Sample Rooms a Specialty.

Private and Public Parlors,
Gents' Writing and Reading Room.

Building of Solid Brick and Stone, with Im-
proved Patent Fire Escape.

Visitors to Halifax will find the "Queen"
Hotel the best house in the city, being fitted
throughout with all modern improvements, and fu-
nished with new and handsome furniture. The
cuisine is the best of any hotel in the Mari-
time Provinces.



A.B. SHERATON
MANAGER.

Halifax "Chronicle."

Everything in and about the "Queen" is of the newest and best obtainable. From top to bottom the place presents an appearance that many leading hotel proprietors on the continent might well envy, and Mr. A. B. Sheraton, to whose energy and enterprise this city and the travelling public are indebted for such a first-class house, is to be heartily congratulated. In the "Queen," Halifax possesses a hotel equal at least to any in this part of America, and with a staff of experienced managers to conduct it such as those selected, it cannot fail to command a large share of patronage. When necessary, about 100 persons can be accommodated in the hotel.

Honesdale, N. Y., "Citizen."

The American flag is seldom seen in Halifax, and during my entire journey through the provinces, only one was found floating, and that over our hotel, "The Queen," which, by the way, is a first-class house, and the only modern one in construction, in the city. Late help needed wanted.

Baltimore "American."

Visitors to Halifax will find the "Queen Hotel" the best house in the city, being fitted throughout with all modern improvements, and furnished with new and handsome furniture. The cuisine is the best of any hotel in the Maritime Provinces.



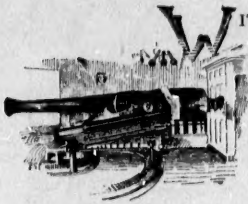
ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1889, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

HALIFAX, N. S., AUGUST 5-10, 1889.



SUMMER HOUSE IN POINT PLEASANT PARK.

HALIFAX SUMMER CARNIVAL.



WITH the presentation of this special number of the DAILY ECHO to the public we have to say that it is the first venture of the kind ever attempted in the Maritime Provinces. The ECHO itself is a new and

distinctive feature in journalism in this city, eschewing political discussions and devoting itself to news and all matters pertaining to the general interests of Halifax and everything that will promote the common welfare. Although only a year and a half before the public, its success has been phenomenal and its position assured.

For a number of years past, remembering the peculiar advantages of the city for such an enterprise, the idea of holding a Summer Carnival in this city has been talked about by public-spirited citizens in a tentative and speculative sort of way. The press now and then made spasmodic efforts to arouse people to practical business, but for some reason or other things never got beyond the speculative stage. Everybody would say that he thought it was a good idea and that it should be carried out, but there the matter ended. The ECHO thought it would be a good idea, and it kept the thing before the public by timely articles, and, following its lead, other journals took up the refrain, rendering valuable assistance. In this way, what was merely an idea ripened into action, and culminated in a Summer Carnival memorable for its attractions and pleasures, and which, in every way, must be satisfactory to its promoters and the thousands of visitors who enjoy it.

The ECHO decided to issue a special number, which, by descriptive articles and choice illustrations of the various points of interest, public buildings and bits of beautiful and romantic scenery everywhere abounding in the city and its environs, would serve as a memento of the occasion. It is now before you, and although we are fully conscious of its defects, and, no doubt, carping critics would remind us of them if we were vain enough to suppose it perfection, we view it, we trust, with a pardonable degree of satisfaction, considering the limitations and difficulties under which we labored as a pioneer journal in an entirely new field "down by the sea." Determined to make it an elegant and appropriate souvenir of this great occasion, we have spared no reasonable expense, and trust to an appreciative public for our reward.

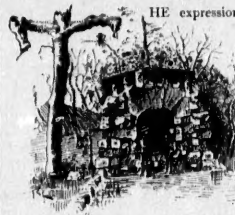
The prime motive of getting up this Carnival has been to advertise the advantages of this city and province as a summer resort. Every year witnesses the migration of tens of thousands of the more wealthy inhabitants of the great cities of the United States and of the large and wealthy inland cities of Canada to watering places and summer resorts of various kinds, where they can escape from the intolerable heat and secure healthful enjoyment and freedom from the cares of business, with such recreation and amusements as will build up exhausted vitality. It has been believed that once their attention could be called to the charming natural beauties of this province and Halifax particularly, with its noble harbor, bracing climate and delightful pleasure grounds, many of them would turn to it in the hot season to revive exhausted energies, as the Mahomedan pilgrim turns toward Mecca to have his faith revived. For some years past they have been coming here in fair numbers, and these have been increasing year by year, for all who came presented "a goodly report" to their friends on their return. But instead of having a few hundreds of summer visitors, why should we not have as many thousands? With better facilities of travel, with expanding hotel accommodation, which could be increased indefinitely should occasion demand, there is no reason why we may not have them, with advantage to hosts and guests.

Chiefly with this object in view the Summer

Carnival was projected. The City Council, grasping the situation, voiced the general sentiment by voting three thousand dollars towards the enterprise, and this was supplemented by liberal contributions from public spirited citizens. Meetings were held of representative citizens of various classes, and committees formed to arrange programmes of events such as would attract people of all tastes. The committees worked with energy and intelligence and accomplished the various tasks they took in hand with a degree of success that is worthy of all praise. Many thousands of visitors will see Halifax in holiday attire and witness what it can do in the way of balls, concerts, theatrical performances, military and naval displays, aquatic sports, horse racing, and the many athletic sports and pastimes which lend grace and energy to the human form. They will enjoy Halifax's wealth of natural beauty, its abounding hospitality, its good cheer, and its life-giving climate. They will, doubtless, be satisfied and loud in their praises.

The brilliant success which must attend this Carnival has been most encouraging to all concerned. Henceforth, if we mistake not, a Summer Carnival will be an annual feature of Halifax life. The experience gained will be of the utmost value in carrying out future enterprises of the same kind. Every effort will be made to make each one an improvement on the last. In this way the fame of Halifax will spread as the place *par excellence* to spend the hot months of summer, and the ECHO will be here to work for the interests of the city and to extend a cordial welcome to all visitors.

HALIFAX AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.



HE expression "Go to Halifax," which in some quarters conveys a lurid suggestion, will have an entirely different meaning to tens of thousands after the great Summer Carnival of 1889. Halifax, instead of being an unpleasant place of abode, as many have been led to believe by the expression above quoted, is really one of the most delightful cities on the continent, and especially in the sunnier season. It is beautifully situated, on a peninsula clad by the loving arms of old ocean, commands a view of the peerless harbor in the world, and Nature seems to have exhausted itself in the surrounding attractions. Its climate in summer is simply superb, while its condition in winter is one to be envied by the lovers of the sports and pastimes peculiar to the season who do not like them to be accompanied with a too strong application of Jack Frost's biting attentions.

But it is of Halifax as seen by our Carnival visitors that we would speak. If we ascend to the top of Citadel Hill, the strong fortification which towers above the city, and stands upon its southern slope, what a magnificent view greets the enraptured eye! Slightly to the right are the Public Gardens, a charming spot elsewhere described; what is known as the "South End," with its aristocratic residences embowered among trees; Point Pleasant Park, sufficiently beautiful to be the subject of a separate article; while bold promontories, extending like huge battlements against the rude buffeting of the broad Atlantic, stretch for many miles along the shore. Directly in front of us the ocean stretches as far as the eye can see, and one may watch the white sails of scores of coasters and fishing smacks as they dance upon the wave, or huge steamships, with their sable plumes of smoke, as they resolutely plow the deep. On the left side of the outward entrance to the harbor stands Mengher's Beach lighthouse, in the form of a Martello tower, like a grim sentinel to warn approaching vessels of treacherous ground. It constitutes quite a picturesque feature of the scene. Outside of this, to the westward, and hidden from view by MacNab's Island, stands another lighthouse, upon a spot not inappropriately named "Devil's Island."

MacNab's Island is a beautiful spot, magnificently wooded, and presents a pleasing picture to the eye as seen from the point where we have placed the reader. It is a favorite pleasure ground for Halifaxians, and almost any day in summer is visited by picnic parties, where amidst the groves and bowers they can inhale the sweet perfume of nature, the air of July and August being tempered with the health bestowing breezes of the sea. No other city on the Atlantic coast of America can boast of such a delightful breathing place as this. Halifax, having several other places within easy reach hardly known herself what a treasure she possesses in MacNab's Island. To the east of this lies Lawlor's Island,

but from our coign of vantage it is indistinguishable from the other. Between this and the opposite shore is an arm of the sea called the Eastern Passage, which is only navigable for ships of large size at high water, and is never used by such vessels. Did we say never? "Well, hardly ever." Captain J. Taylor Wood once used it under peculiar circumstances, which we may briefly record, for it was a daring and successful feat and attracted wide attention at the time. Captain Wood commanded the famous gun-boat, the *Talahassee*, at the time of the American Civil War. He had made several successful trips, Halifax being his chief base of operations. Our northern friends were anxious to capture the *Talahassee* and their vessels of war were constantly on the watch for a chance. It was known that he had passed the sentinels at a southern port and tracked to Halifax Harbor. Several Northern gun-boats hovered round the approach to this port ready to her as she made her exit. But they were disappointed, for one fine night Captain Wood took the risk of the Eastern Passage, quietly steaming through it, and the *Talahassee* was far out to sea before her would-be captors discovered the ruse that had been played. After the war was ended Captain Wood took up his residence in Halifax, where he is highly esteemed as a citizen.

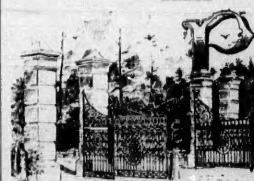
Between us and the Eastern Passage George's Island rises like an emerald upon the calm and placid waters of the harbor. This innocent looking little gem seems to have been placed by nature where it is, commanding both entrance to the harbor, for the express purpose of what it has accomplished. The British Government has spent large sums of treasure upon it, turning it into a most impregnable from all sides. But as it is covered with verdure it forms one of the many attractive features of the harbor from the esthetic standpoint. Speaking of fortifications, it ought to be mentioned that every avenue of access to Halifax from the sea from all sides bristles with the heaviest calibre and latest improvement, and by the force of the heaviest and solidest masonry. No one knows the amount of money the British Government has spent in the harbor defences of Halifax.

Standing on the eastern slope of the Citadel we get a splendid view of the enterprising town of Dartmouth, the opposite, which looks very handsome and is a by charming natural scenery. Behind Dartmouth a chain of lovely lakes well worth visiting, the Basin, the Montague, or Waverly taking one along the margin of all of them and opening up bits of scenery that live in the memory.

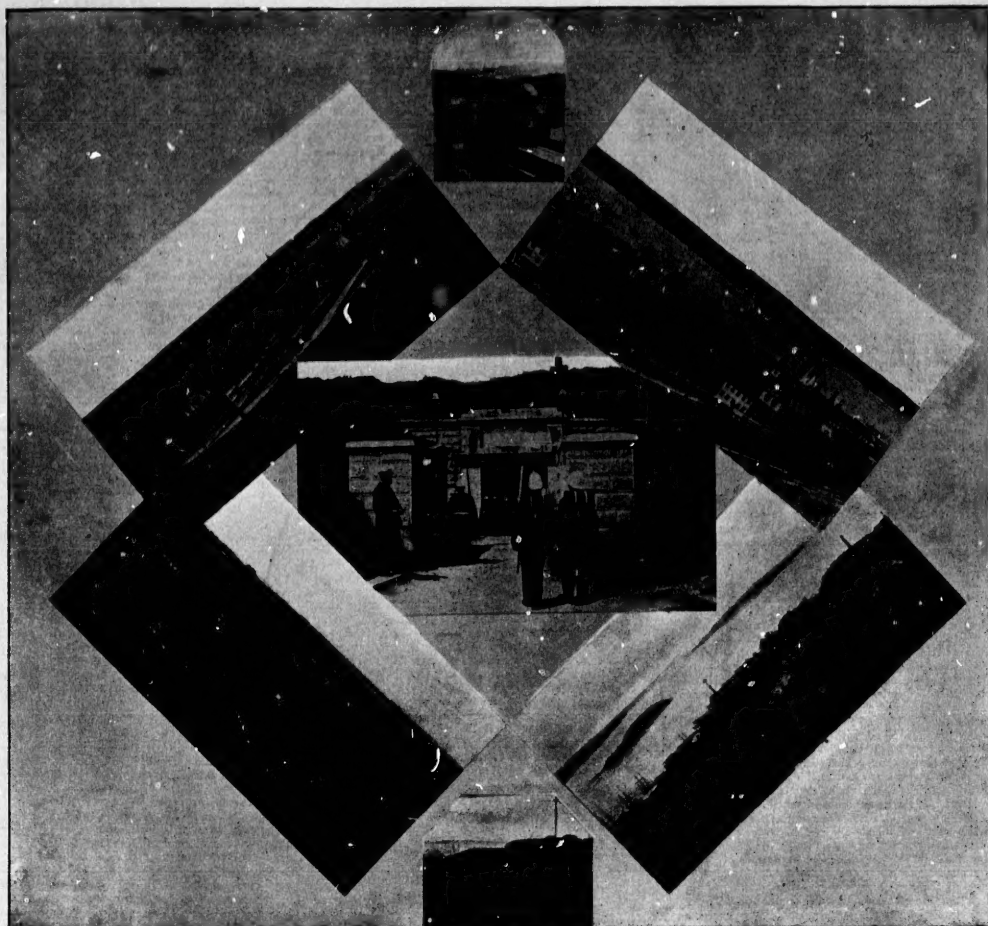
If we stand on the northern glacis of the Citadel we get an excellent view of the North End of the city, a glimpse of Bedford Basin, one of the most beautiful of water in the world, drive round the Basin, and will amply repay one for the trip. But if a drive round is not convenient, a trip to Bedford by rail or other conveyance, following the Halifax shore, will bring before you visions of beauty unequalled in their charms. The Prince's Lodge, a suburban residence of Kent, Queen Victoria's father, while living in the city, may be taken in this trip. On the right the way up for ten miles, lies beautiful Bedford Basin, with its nooks and coves and dells all along the shoreline, while opposite to you, and reflected upon the waters of the Basin, is a forest-clad series of hills. The beauties of this favored spot will never be exhausted.

Taking the western slope of the Citadel for our base, we see the western suburbs of the city, with the hills, stretching away in the distance as far as the eye can reach. Charmed with this magnificent prospect, the serious beholder does not know that between the distant hills there is an arm of the sea, which, if visited, he will miss one of the chief glories of Halifax. This is called the North-West Arm, on the eastern side are many of the dwellings of our merchant princes and men of wealth. The scenery of the North-West Arm is the most romantic and bewitching character imaginable to describe it would require the pen of a poet, and the writer is no poet. On the bank of this lovely arm of the sea Nova Scotia's great statesman, orator and poet, John A. Macdonald, was born, and we have often thought as we have been listening to the speeches and poems of the late Hon. Joseph Howe, much of his poetic inspiration must have been due to the fact that his early life was spent amidst scenes of natural loveliness and beauty unsurpassed in their power to excite the senses.

POINT PLEASANT PARK.



ROUND the point of the city, where the sea is so beautiful, is Point Pleasant Park. The park is a beautiful spot, and is a favorite place for picnics and other amusements. It is a beautiful spot, and is a favorite place for picnics and other amusements. It is a beautiful spot, and is a favorite place for picnics and other amusements.



FROM THE CITADEL'S SUMMIT.

time, case of attack from the sea. These fortifications pierce the shore round the point; but the rest of the ground than it in a state of nature, covered with trees, mostly evergreen. Although owning the ground, the British Government, with that generosity which ever distinguishes it, entered into an agreement with the city by which, at a merely nominal rental, just enough to make the bargain legal, its use as a park and pleasure ground is conceded to the city for 999 years—a term sufficiently long to satisfy the present generation, and some thirty generations to follow, at the end of which time the lease can be renewed. It has been converted into a magnificent park, containing 186 acres, and constitutes a breathing spot and health and pleasure resort sufficiently large in itself to satisfy the wants of our present population, without reference to the other beautiful and convenient pleasure grounds with which Halifax is amply endowed, and which are elsewhere referred to in the *CARNIVAL ECHO*.

Ex-Mayor Mackintosh, in his able and exhaustive general review of affairs of the city government while holding office in 1885, thus referred to Point Pleasant Park: "There are nearly six miles of carriage drives in perfect order, besides some miles of foot-paths winding all over the park. On the west it is bounded by the beautiful waters of the North-West Arm, and on the east by the harbor of Halifax. Point Pleasant, the extreme south boundary, faces the mouth of the harbor, having the Atlantic ocean in full view. Nature has been prodigal in endowing this beautiful park with many spots of extreme loveliness, and although Art has done but little to improve on Nature, the blending of the work of both has resulted in giving to our city what few small communities possess. Two years ago a legacy of

\$5,000, bequeathed by the late William P. West to be used for some purpose in improving the park, was appropriated to the erection of two iron summer houses or pavilions, which greatly add to the beauty of the localities where they are placed, besides affording shade and rest to those who frequent these delightful spots. Sir William Young, chairman of the Board of Commissioners, has for years kindly superintended the work of keeping in order and improving the drives, footpaths, groves, etc., and the present creditable condition of the park is largely owing to his supervision and care. When South Park Street (which is now in process of extension) is opened into the park, it is the intention of Sir William to cause to be erected a handsome pair of iron gates at this the main entrance." Since this was written, Sir William Young, who was an enthusiastic admirer of the beauties of this park, and was largely instrumental in its improvement, has been gathered to his fathers, but his intention with respect to the gates was carried out, and they are there to testify to his generosity and public spirit.

It is an impossible task to describe in detail the bewitching bits of scenery that everywhere surprise and delight the eye as one drives over the smooth and solid roads that wind around and intersect this park in every direction, or as one rambles along the labyrinth of footpaths that disclose inviting nooks and dells in almost boundless profusion. Suffice it to say that no one who visits Halifax should neglect to "do the park." A couple of hours' driving in an open barouche, which may be obtained at the expense of a couple of dollars, will yield an amount of enjoyment out of all proportion to the expense. The pleasing aroma of the evergreen woods is mingled with the bracing airs of the Atlantic, and one feels braced up and invigorated, while the

everlasting rays of a July or August sun may be beating upon his head. Yet Point Pleasant Park is only one of the many health and pleasure resorts which this old city of Halifax "down by the sounding sea" offers to the wearied denizens of the sun-baked inland or less favored seaboard cities of the continent. Carnival visitors will cherish the most pleasing recollections of their drives and walks through this delightful park, with its lovely woods, picturesque drives and health-giving atmosphere.

EVENING CONCERTS IN THE GARDENS.

Among the countless attractions of Carnival Week are the two evening promenade concerts in the Public Gardens, which visitors will not fail to take advantage of. The fascinations of these concerts are well known by every Haligonian. Several bands of accomplished musicians occupy positions in various parts of the gardens and discourse choice programmes, while the public promenade the illuminated walks or occupy rustic seats drinking in the sweet music and bracing evening air. A grand display of fireworks lasts from the opening to the close, introducing the latest novel inventions in pyrotechnics. While the central parts of the grounds, where the vast crowds congregate, are brilliantly illuminated, the managers are careful to leave in darkness or semi-darkness numerous shady groves to which fond couples may escape to enjoy themselves in their own delightful fashion. These shaded and secluded spots are numerous enough to accommodate a large portion of the patrons, and with these the concerts are highly popular.

NAVAL BOMBARDMENT OF HALIFAX.



HE bombardment of Halifax by Her Majesty's fleet of warships will form one of the most important events in connection with the Halifax Summer Carnival of 1889, overshadowing everything else on the day on which it occurs and throwing into the shade of obscurity any similar demonstration of the kind ever attempted on this side of the Atlantic. On occasions such as this people flock to the city from all parts of the province, and immense throngs congregate on the Citadel hillside, the shores of Point Pleasant Park and the eastern side of the harbor, while scores of crowded steamers and smaller pleasure boats put off in wake of the great ships of war to view the operations from safe points of vantage. The house-tops at the south end of the city are filled by eager sightseers, and every advantageous point from which the engagement may be viewed is found occupied by a large gathering whose expectations have been worked up to an intense pitch. In fact the populace turns out as never before, and almost completely, if not quite, deserted. If you are not timid about trusting yourself on the ocean—for the ball opens off the mouth of the harbor—the best position from which to view the proceedings is the deck of any of the numerous excursion steamers that follow the fleet in all the manoeuvres.

The mode of attack is kept a profound secret until the moment arrives for opening the siege, the details being known to but one or two officers, who perfect their plans in advance. The fleet, consisting of half a dozen ships, proceeds far out to sea early in the morning and, turning about, approaches the harbor from different directions. Subsequent movements depend on the plan of action. York Redoubt, at the mouth of the harbor, is the first fort to be engaged, and this is fired upon by two or more of the fleet, while other ships proceed inward and attack the forts and batteries at Point Pleasant, MacNab's Island, George's Island and the Eastern Passage. Besides the numerous strong permanent fortifications that defend Halifax harbor at these points, a number of temporary batteries are located at different places commanding the approaches, which must also be attended to by the enemy's ships. All parts of the harbor are laid with marine torpedo mines for the destruction of the attacking vessels as they pass over, to discover and clear away which properly equipped steam launches are sent ahead by the fleet. The officers on these steamers are supposed to detect, by the aid of their appliances, the location of these dangerous obstructions intended to demolish the larger ships. Once found, no time is to be lost in disturbing and exploding the mines, otherwise the officers on land, operating by electricity, will start them into action at an opportune, or inopportune, moment, and woe be to the luckless craft that happens to be within reach of their deadly powers of destruction. The explosion of the marine mines is one of the grand sights of the bombardment. Immense volumes of water are thrown hundreds of feet into the air, accompanied by a thunderous roar that convulses the water for a long distance on all sides. Similar obstructions are placed in all passages to prevent the entrance of the fleet, and one of the most important parts of the enemy's work is to locate them and destroy their usefulness to the defenders.

Meanwhile the various ships are constantly manoeuvring outside the forts, keeping as well as possible beyond the range of the big guns on the latter, while pouring shot and shell into them. Some of the minor batteries they succeed in silencing in the early stages of the attack, but it is a more difficult task to do the same with the large forts. Various moves are made to deceive the forces on land. Boat loads of men, armed with machine and other guns, are despatched to different points in order to draw the attention of the defending army in these directions and cause them to reduce their forces in other places, at one of which the final decisive assault is to be made. Again, gangways are dropped and a sham appearance made of disembarking large parties, and other devices resorted to for the purpose of misleading and confusing those manning the fortifications, who keep a sharp lookout on the movements of the enemy. When the moment arrives for the grand finale the invaders may have succeeded in so distracting the attention of the defenders that the greater part of the land forces are on their way to repel an expected attack at a point where they will be utterly useless to assist in the defence, the consequent result being the weakening of the parties in the forts and a splendid advantage gained by the enemy. But the invading party are unaware of this, only hoping it may be the case and taking the chances at the spot they have chosen to make their real onslaught. Up to this stage the affair has not been without some minor conflicts at close quarters, for the men despatched by the fleet to clear away the perils that underlie the pathway are by no means permitted to do so unopposed. Exposed to the fire of machine guns run down to the water's edge, they are compelled to

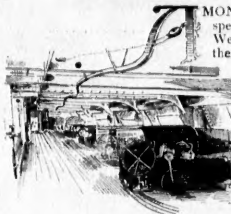
fight their way inch by inch, sometimes winning a victory, at others suffering a serious defeat. An incidental engagement of this nature often lasts fifteen or twenty minutes, or longer. In the meantime a constant fire is maintained from the fortifications and frequently the entire fleet and the whole range of land defences are waging hot and furious warfare together, creating a gigantic uproar that can be heard a distance of seventy-five or a hundred miles. The spectacle of the magnificent ships pouring out their broadsides, with the great land batteries responding nobly to the fire and enormous volumes of smoke rising over the arena, is one that is treasured long in the memory. Whenever a small body of the land army show themselves on a hill, in order to repulse a boat's crew seen approaching the shore, they are quickly singled out by one of the ships, which directs a heavy fire on them and rarely fails to silence them in a few minutes. Nevertheless there is probably a force waiting in the bush sufficiently strong to cope with the crew.

The time for the main effort of the enemy having arrived an immense force of men, fully armed and equipped with all the modern machinery of war, is despatched in large boats. Should the ruses adopted have proved effective, the principle place attacked is not destroyed by a very large force and the invading party succeeds in landing after a comparatively trifling engagement. Should circumstances be different, however, they will be aced a fierce reception, and perhaps succumb before the superior force opposing them. If they manage to secure a foothold on the beach, they must fight with the courage of lions for every inch of ground gained, for the woods are alive with brave soldiers battling fearlessly and straining every effort to drive the enemy back into the sea. Even a triumph here is only temporary, for the attacking bodies still have to face the blinding fire of the forts and batteries close by, and it is a serious question, be their determination ever so resolute, whether victory will finally perch upon their banner.

The defending force in this imposing struggle between army and navy is composed of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment, the Royal Artillery, Royal Engineers, 63rd Battalion of Halifax Rifles, 66th Princess Louise Fusiliers and Halifax Garrison Artillery. This powerful army is distributed around at the various important points, including the fort at York Redoubt, Forts Ogilvie and Cambridge, at Point Pleasant, Ives Point Battery on MacNab's Island, George's Island, the Citadel, and Fort Clarence, Eastern Passage. Large bodies are held in reserve at several points, whence they can be speedily ordered to a place which the enemy are about to or are expected to attack. Large steamers are held in readiness to transport the reserve troops at an instant's notice. Each regiment is under the charge of its own officers and the entire army is commanded by an officer appointed by General Sir John Ross and stationed in the Citadel signal station, from which he can observe the enemy's movements and govern himself accordingly, telegraphing his orders to the fortifications and other points where the troops are massed.

As already stated, the bombardment commences quite early in the day, and it does not reach its close till evening, by which time the enemy has managed to bring affairs to a crisis. Then the ships return to their anchoring places and the weary soldiers who have fought heroically for the preservation of Halifax are brought back to the city by different means of transport, receiving an ovation on their arrival and marching off to their quarters amid the tumultuous applause of the enthusiastic citizens.

THE MIMIC LAND BATTLE.



visitors will not likely ever have another opportunity to enjoy such a striking and novel demonstration, unless it be on a similar occasion in Halifax, so none should fail to take advantage of this imposing military and naval display, in which some thousands of men will participate, tons upon tons of powder expended, and hundreds of lives sacrificed—perhaps. The conflict will probably rage for the best part of a day and the most advantageous points from which to witness the culmination will be the Citadel hillside and the residences and roads surrounding the Public Common.

The details of the gigantic operations will be disclosed only as the attack of the imaginary enemy progresses, as the defending forces do not know the intended movements of their foes. From similar events of the past, however, we are enabled to give the reader a fair idea of what the fight in all likelihood will be. The forces taking part will consist of the Duke of Wellington's (West Riding) Regiment, Royal Artillery, Royal Engineers, the 63rd Battalion of Halifax Rifles, the 66th Princess Louise Fusiliers, the Halifax Garrison Artillery, and large bodies of marines

and sailors from eight or more of Her Majesty's ships of war. These will divide, one branch forming the attacking force, the other defending. The magnitude of the operations may be imagined when it is stated that each force will number from 2,000 to 3,000 men.

The position occupied by the defenders of the city is usually Camp Hill, an elevation on the south side of the Common. The attacking parties, having advanced round the North-West Arm, will open operations from the hills some distance to the north-west of Camp Hill, at the same time sending skirmishers forward in different directions, followed by bodies of men. The infantry on both sides, as well as sections of the men-of-war, are armed "to the teeth," while the artillery operate the heavy guns, and other marines and sailors handle field pieces and machine guns. The engineers are employed in cutting trenches, erecting earthworks, etc. The attacking army gradually advances over the hills and through the fields and roads centering round the Common, under cover of walls, fences and buildings, keeping up a continual fire. At every opportunity that presents itself the defending bodies pour a deadly fire on the foe and finally the battle becomes thick and furious, the sounds of strife grow deafening. Dense clouds of smoke envelope the warriors and the land on both sides get heavier and heavier. The outcome of the sanguinary engagement is unknown till the ringing shouts of the victors are heard and as the smoke disperses the enemy are seen either occupying the position of the city's defender or fleeing, vanquished, down the roads and across the fields to their ships.

The operations in the engagement are directed by mounted officers, scores of whom are to be seen dashing about on the field of battle. The positions and movements of the enemy are observed by officers posted in the signal station on the Citadel, by whom they are telegraphed to those in command on Camp Hill. The manoeuvres give the spectator a complete and vivid idea of what is to be witnessed on the real battlefield and form a scene that once seen is never forgotten. When the exciting demonstration reaches its close, the forces form into line and are reviewed by General Sir John Ross, Admiral Watson and the commanders of the militia. At the conclusion of this part of the programme, which is in itself worth coming hundreds of miles to see, the various bodies march through the city to their quarters in barracks or on shipboard, each corps headed by its own band of music.

A beautiful colored engraving that accompanies the CARNIVAL ECHO as a supplement presents a fine view of the enemy mounting the Citadel, the force defending the approaches from Camp Hill having been overcome and the attacking army advancing to storm the fort that defends all avenues to the city proper. This splendid picture shows the different bodies of troops, marines and sailors participating.

THE MARKET PLACE.

Of all the remarkable and striking features of this quaint, old fashioned city, the market place is, perhaps, the most so. It is of no particular school of architecture, being chiefly composed of pavement. Its roof is the blue canopy of heaven, when the weather is agreeable, but otherwise when it is not, and its walls are the poor offices, the town pump, and the imposing fronts of various business establishments.

If a stranger should wish to take in this market in a full and comprehensive manner, let him enter Bedford Row, George street, and going southward for a few minutes' street he will see all that is worthy of observation, and sounds suggestive of the farm and poultry w his eyes and ears. As he forces a circuitous through the mingled groups of buyers and sellers, ponders in his heart why it is that the farming in Nova Scotia should be so productive of toothache, conquerable desire to wind the head in yards upon red worsted mufflers during the summer season, have to be "advised how he treads" or he may chat his foot on a basket of eggs or a spring chicken of before last, that lies prone upon the cold cruel earth.

The market place has the charm of novelty and is not to be found elsewhere on the American continent. A visit to it on Saturday morning will be productive much curiosity and amusement to those who have been there before.

SPORTING GROUNDS.

The sportsmen will find in the country surrounding Halifax an extensive field for the indulgence of their favorite pastimes. Every other individual in Halifax is more or less of an amateur sportsman, and every year as the warm weather approaches they find themselves in swarms in numerous resorts within easy access. Many of the lakes and streams to the eastward and westward are fairly alive with trout, while some are noted for their salmon fishing. Musquodoboit River, 30 miles east of Halifax, is one of the most famous resorts for anglers, while at Musquodoboit Harbor and Presumpscot fine sea trout are caught. St. Margaret's Bay and the neighboring lakes are also noted among anglers.

There is good moose hunting at Sheet Harbor and in other parts of the county, while wild ducks, woodcock, snipe and other birds abound in nearly all sections of the country.

Hotel keepers and dealers in sporting goods are able to give strangers full information as to the most desirable routes to the best shooting and fishing grounds.

REPRESENTATIVE SPORTING ORGANIZATIONS.



HALIFAX is the home of sport. Nature has bountifully endowed her with advantages, and as the successive seasons roll around each seems particularly intended for the various classes of outdoor sport which may be engaged in.

The refreshing spring time opens with baseball and cricket. The beautiful summer time brings horse racing, yachting, rowing and swimming. The pleasant autumn in turn comes with athletic sports and football. Then merry winter, and skating, hockey, curling and snowshoeing.

The character of sport here, as elsewhere, has during the last decade or so undergone almost a revolution. In olden times in Halifax, when the military were here in much larger numbers, the great event used to be the Derby. The course was laid out on the Common, and the races continued for several days at a time; and in addition to putting the city on fire these meetings drew the country folk for many miles around. But these grand exhibitions gradually lost their significance and were finally abandoned altogether.

Halifax, too, for years stood unrivalled in the production of oarsmen. The old Halifax Rowing Association, composed of moneyed gentlemen of the city, brought out men whose names were known wherever spoken. George Brown brought here the world's championship and defended the title against all comers. Warren Smith was another invincible. Then the old Aquatic Club equipped and sent out a four-oared crew. At a world's regatta this crew defeated all others and fairly won the championship, although it was denied them through a misconception. Subsequently this manly sport degenerated into a hippodrome, where races were rowed for money-making rather than for honor, and Halifax, unwilling to engage in it under circumstances such as these, dropped out of the arena, in so far as professional rowing was concerned. We still have an annual race for the championship of Halifax harbor, which, although it calls forth some interest, will never be on a par with the contests witnessed on our magnificent Basin years ago.

In the sport of the present time, however, Halifax occupies a prominent place, more than holding its own with the athletes of sister cities and other countries, and always ready and willing to try conclusions. Among our organizations of to-day may be mentioned the following: Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron; Lorne Amateur Aquatic Club; Knockabout Amateur Aquatic Club (Dartmouth); Halifax Riding Ground Club; Nova Scotia Provincial Rifle Association; Halifax County Rifle Association; Wanderers Amateur Athletic Club; Cobequid Amateur Athletic Club (Dartmouth); Young Men's Association; Social Club; Halifax Lawn Tennis Club; Ramblers Bicycling Club; Studley Quoit Club; Garrison Cricket and Football Club; Army and Navy Cricket and Football Club; United Bankers Football Club; Dalhousie Football Club; Halifax Harriers' Club; Escalopier Harriers' Club; Halifax Curling Club; Red Cap Snowshoe Club; The Greys Snowshoe Club; Standard Baseball Club; St. Patrick's Baseball Club; St. Mary's Young Men's Baseball Club; Stanley Baseball Club (colored); Jubilee Baseball Club (colored) Dartmouth.

Those named below are junior associations: Ramblers' Cricket and Baseball Club; Mayflower Cricket and Baseball Club; Rosebud Cricket and Baseball Club; Victoria Amateur Athletic Association; Acadia Amateur Athletic Club; Giron House Amateur Athletic

Club; Enterprise Baseball Club; Thistles Baseball Club; Uno Baseball Club.

The R. N. S. Yacht Squadron has a membership of 200 and owns within its ranks 20 yachts, embracing all the various classes of craft. Their half dozen annual contests are both interesting and exciting. Their trophies are handsome and valuable, and include cups from the Marquis of Lorne, Lord Jansdowne, Lord Russell, Sir Adams Archibald, ex-Lieut. Governor Richey and the Mayors of Halifax. In this city, with a harbor which has no superior and few equals, with the broad Atlantic at its mouth, there seems to be a particular opening for yachting, one of the best of sports. The squadron was formed in 1875, and was awarded the Admiralty warrant and title of "royal" in 1880. It is the only yacht club in Canada through which a challenge for the America's cup can be sent, as the terms of challenge are such that it must of necessity come through a tidal water club. The squadron have purchased property at Freshwater and in future will have a home of their own. A club house to cost some \$5,000 or \$6,000 is being erected, which will be pleasing and unique in archi-

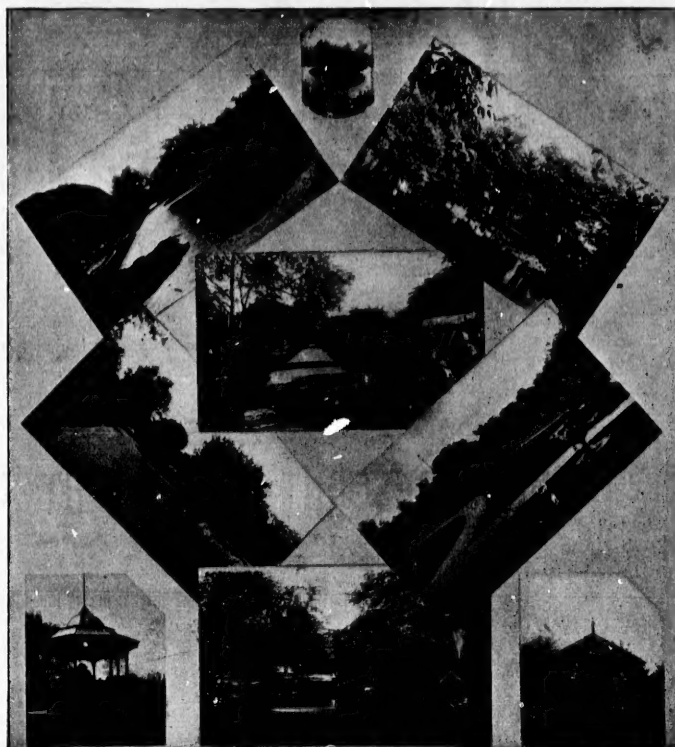
at the Riding Club's grounds on race days. The programmes always include seven or eight events, with numerous entries. The rich and brilliant suits of the gentlemen jockeys, whose respective colors are seen at the throat or wrists of many an elegant and fashionably attired lady; the immense throng of people, and the fine military band music, which is always to be heard there, all go to complete a picture that once seen is never forgotten.

The charming and picturesque surroundings of the Provincial Rifle Association's grounds at Bedford are always an attraction, when shooting competitions are in progress, and many there be who spend a day on the target absorbing in interest of the performances of the Nova Scotia Windblown.

The Lawn Tennis Club's delightful courts in the Public Gardens are looked upon with admiration by all visitors. Five o'clock teas are furnished to the members on the grounds, and altogether the Tennis Club, affording as it does opportunity for the ladies to distinguish themselves, is an acquisition.

The leading athletic club of the city is the Wanderers, which has had a life of seven years, and whose membership numbers 250. Their grounds, situated almost in the centre of the city, are ahead of any in the provinces, and rank among the best athletic club grounds on this side of the water. Their sports include cricket, baseball, football, bowles, lacrosse, tennis, quoits, rowing, bicycling, country running, running, jumping, walking, hockey, fencing, boxing and general athletics. The colors of the club, red and black, have been carried to victory on the fields of countries other than our own. In 1886 George Tracey went to New York and at the Olympic Club's annual games, open to all amateurs, ran in the 600 yard handicap and 1 1/2 miles races. He easily took the first event, against a field of 36 starters, (with a fifteen yard handicap) in 1m. 16.3-58, and finished third in the other race. In the following year he again went to New York and brought to Halifax the half-mile championship of America, in this contest defeating 12 starters and finishing in 2m. 13-58. Tracey went to Detroit last year and again captured the half-mile amateur championship, winning quite easily in 2m. 21-58. He also holds the half-mile and quarter-mile championship medals of the Maritime Provinces Amateur Athletic Association. He has held his club's half-mile championship since '84, with one exception (when he was very heavily handicapped), and the quarter-mile championship since '86. W. A. Henry is another prominent Wanderer, excelling as a sprinter, jumper and hurdler, but most widely known as a cricketer, being one of the best all-round players in the Dominion, and having the highest batting average in the Canadian team which made a tour of England and Ireland two summers ago. W. Walsh is the club's mile champion runner, and he also holds the medal for that race in the M.P.A.A.A.; his time is 4m. 44s. J. E. G. Boulton is another young and very promising long distance runner.

The Royal Blues are the Wanderers' rivals. Although a much younger club their membership roll reaches about 150, and includes some of our best athletes. They have splendid grounds in the western part of the city. The Royal Blue Snowshoe Club is one of the foremost. They have some fast bicyclists, a good hockey team and their sports generally are similar to those of the Wanderers. Arthur J. Brady, the Blues' champion sprinter, holds the 100 yards and 220 yards championships of the M.P.A.A.A., his time for the 100 dash being 13-58, and for the 220 yards 24s. Brady holds several championships in his own and other clubs, and for three successive years has secured his club's championship medal. Last year he went to St. John and brought back to Halifax the 100 yards championship, which Henry relinquished to Carvell a few years ago. J. Frank Wall is a young but very swift runner in 220 and quarter mile races. An accident last year prevented his participating in sports, but this year he is again in the field. A. S. Thompson of the Royal Blues last year won nine gold medals for first places in contests in



GLIMPSES OF THE PUBLIC GARDENS.

tectural structure; commodious sailing and row boat houses will be built, and facilities for sea bathing provided.

The Lorne is an important and influential aquatic club. The 130 members are the possessors of 2 steam launches, 4 yachts, 4 sailboats, 3 four-oared boats, 1 double, 1 wherry, 15 keelboats and flats and 2 canoes. Yachting, rowing and swimming are three prominent features. Each succeeding year sees a growing interest manifested in their annual swimming contests; this year the club will have a regatta, which will be continued hereafter, as an annual affair. The Lorne own a large and well equipped house at the north end, with billiard and reading rooms, good boat houses, mooring grounds and bathing accommodations.

Pretty races have been given by the Sailing, Skiff and Canoe Club, in their regatta on the beautiful waters of the Northwest Arm, but unfortunately the club is not now in active existence.

The Knockabout, Dartmouth's aquatic club, are the owners of a boat house 75 by 30 feet, on the First Lake. The object of the club is the promotion of amateur aquatic sports. Any gentleman is eligible for membership, but only amateurs are allowed to compete in club contests.

There is no city of its size on this continent where may be seen such an assemblage of beauty, fashion and wealth as

Maritime

Fuel and Heating Gas Co'y

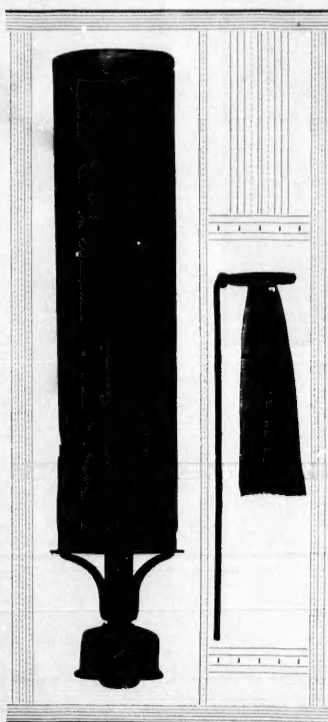
Limited.

HALIFAX, N. S.

BUILDERS, LESSEES AND PURCHASERS OF
GAS WORKS.

ORDERS solicited from large cities, small towns, mills, institutions, and from all who want more light for less money, within the Dominion of Canada.

OWNERS of all the best and most improved systems for the manufacture of fuel, heating and illuminating gas.



WELSBACH

INCANDESCENT - GAS - LIGHT - CO'Y, - Lim.

HALIFAX, N. S.

The only Company in Canada manufacturing the celebrated Incandescent Gas Burner.

THIS BURNER affords the only salvation for gas companies in their competition with the electric light.

This burner will consume the ordinary illuminating coal gas in such a way as to make the incandescent electric light look positively yellow.

It will produce a given amount of light with less than one-half the gas used in the ordinary burner.

It produces perfect combustion, not a particle of soot or smoke is given off, and there is but little vitiation of the air of a room.

It is an extremely steady light; no flickering; delightful to read or work by.

It gives off only about one-third the heat of ordinary burners.

It requires no change in brackets or chandeliers—simply unscrew the old burner and screw on the Welsbach.

It will give from eight to twelve candle-power per foot of gas.

It will produce a brilliant light with non-luminous fuel gas.

It can be used with the Springfield or any other gas machine—in fact with any kind of vapor or gas that will produce heat in combustion.

We believe the Welsbach Burner to be the light of the future, and feel that anything that will enable ordinary gas to be burned in such a way as to make the electric light look yellow, and will cut the gas bills at least in two, and at the same time produce in every way a better light, is surely one of the greatest inventions of modern times.

Orders solicited.

Prices and Samples furnished on application.

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which he took part, and four silver medals for second places. His best races are half-mile and mile, his time for those distances being 2m. 15 1-5s., and 4m. 49 1-4s respectively.

The Chebucto Club's grounds in Dartmouth have probably no superior in Canada for situation, occupying the crest of a hill one hundred feet above the harbor, and covering six acres, four of which are in use for sports. The membership is about 100. Their summer sports are the same as the other clubs referred to; and in the winter sport of hockey and skating they are the leaders in the Maritime Provinces. Their hockey team last winter made a tour through Quebec province and played against the crack teams of Montreal and Quebec city. The Chebucto's best athletes are L. A. McKenna, H. D. Creighton, Neil Ferguson and Charles Patterson. McKenna holds the Maritime championships

for walking and long distance running. In '87 he won his club's road race, 6 1/4 miles, over a hilly road, in 37m. 40s. In the same year he defeated seven others in the road race from Halifax to Bedford, covering the distance, about 9 miles, in 53m. 4s.; the best previous record was J. W. Whitford's (Wanderers) 57m. 59s. In '88 McKenna again won the Bedford race, in the remarkable time of 51m. 40s. Creighton is the club's mile runner and he is also a fine performer at long distances. He holds the Chebucto's quarter, half and mile championships. In '88 he won the half-mile races at St. John and New Glasgow; his half-mile record is 2m. 6s. Neil Ferguson at the M.P.A.A.A. games last year won the championship at shot putting and hammer throwing. Patterson for some years has been one of the fastest amateur skaters of the provinces and at one time held the championship. He has more than 30 prizes, winning races.

The Young Men's Literary Association is one of the pioneer organizations for sports and athletics in the city. But of late years they have largely given up outdoor sports, with the exception of baseball, which they still carry on with enthusiasm. Their splendid grounds are used for the games of the Amateur League. In connection with their commodious rooms is a well equipped gymnasium.

Until recent years the Social Club had professional tendencies, taking a large and lively interest in aquatic matters, but latterly they have abandoned this. They have some good athletes, and the best baseball nine in the city, a team which has proved itself able to vanquish the first teams of other cities. The Socials have also a team in the Amateur League. The membership is too—the limit.

Among our cricket, baseball and football clubs is material qualified to appear on any field and thoroughly capable of upholding the fair name of the city of Halifax.

great variety of waterfowl, or in the production of some beautiful plant, flower, shrub or tree. The Boston public gardens are justly viewed with pride by the citizens of the "Athens of America," but candid Bostonians will admit that in natural beauty and attractiveness the Halifax public gardens carry off the palm. The chief glory of our gardens, taken in connection with the vast and artistically arranged beds of flowers, is the vast number of noble trees which afford shelter and are a marked feature of beauty and interest in themselves. The trees include almost every variety that grows on the American continent, while there are a large number of trees from other countries. We have in this enchanted forest different varieties of maple, beech, oak, ash, chestnut, elm, lime, sycamore, birch, thorn, cherry, locust, juniper, poplar, willow, yew, cypress,

HALIFAX HARBOR.



HALIFAX possesses one of the finest and most picturesque harbors in the world. It is deep enough in any part to float the largest ship in existence, is well buoyed, and has all

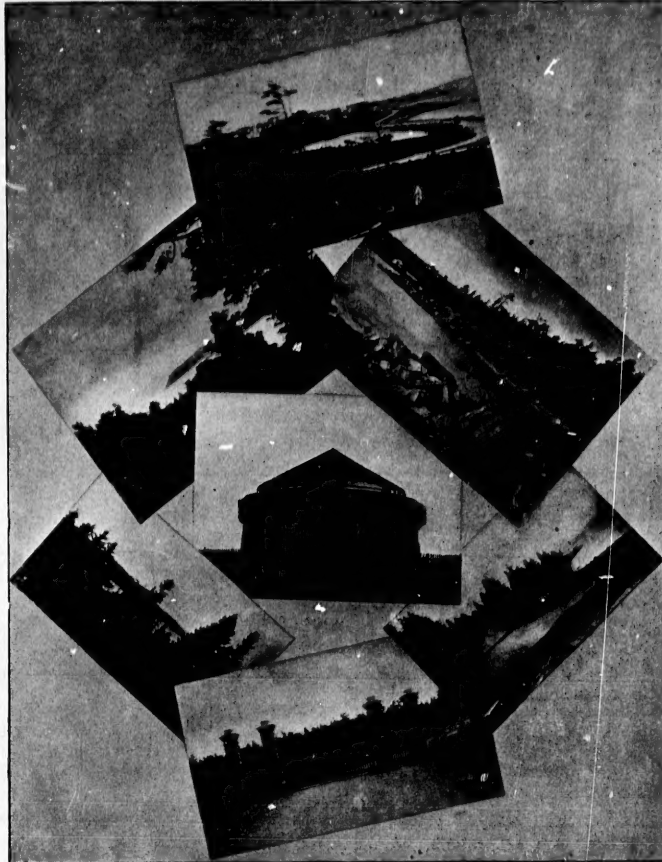
the latest improvements in the way of fog whistles and bells for guiding the mariner in thick weather. During the present year a new fog horn, worked by the most improved machinery, has been placed at Meagher's Beach, on the eastern side of the entrance, and a bell worked by machinery on George's Island, lying in the centre of the harbor about two miles inside of Meagher's Beach. These, with the signals previously in operation, make it as safe for a ship to enter port in thick weather as in clear.

The business of the port is rapidly increasing. The harbor front is lined with over sixty wharves, some extending far out into the stream, and nearly all having depth enough to accommodate the largest steamers.

Seventeen lines of steamships run to and from here, as follows:—Allan, to Liverpool and Glasgow; Dominion, to Liverpool; Furness, to London; Donaldson, to London; Hansa, to Hamburg and Antwerp; Bossière, to Havre; Pickford & Black's, to Havana, Bermuda, Turk's Island and Kingston, J.S.; Red Cross, to New York and St. John, N.B.; Halifax and Newfoundland, to Cape Breton and Newfoundland ports; Anglo-French, to St. Pierre, Mic.; Canada Atlantic, to Boston; Boston, Halifax and Prince Edward Island, to Boston; Fishwick's Express, to Charlottetown, P. E. I.; Yarmouth, to Yarmouth, via intermediate ports; Lunenburg and Halifax Packet Line. A large trade is carried on between Halifax and the West Indies by sailing vessels, brigantines and schooners being the craft thus employed. The principal exports to the islands are dry and pickled fish, lumber and shingles, the vessels bringing return cargoes of sugar, molasses and rum. A considerable portion of the sugar thus brought is now purchased by the Nova Scotia refinery. The dry dock, now about completed, will be one of the best and largest in the world, and an invaluable acquisition to the port.

The harbor is about five miles in length, and in some places over a mile wide. It is, as a rule, as calm as a pond and very little affected by storms or heavy seas from the Atlantic, the force of which is broken by MacNab's and George's Islands. At the upper part of the harbor a large railroad bridge spans what is known as the Narrows, connecting the Intercolonial railway with the town of Dartmouth. The bridge has a draw to allow vessels to pass through into Bedford Basin, one of the finest sheets of water in the world and larger than most harbors, being over fifteen miles in circumference. It is said to be capable of holding the entire British navy.

The number of vessels which arrived at this port from foreign ports during the last fiscal year was 1,006, of a total tonnage of 589,343; the number coastwise was 2,988, of a total tonnage of 207,543, making a grand total of 3,994 vessels and 886,886 tons. Visitors wishing to take a sea trip, after the exhaustive festivities of Carnival week, have numerous opportunities afforded them by the steamship lines centering at Halifax, on any of which they will be accorded comfortable quarters and receive ample attention, and can journey pleasantly to any of the numerous beautifully situated resorts to be found on the Nova Scotia coast.



SCENES IN POINT PLEASANT PARK.

THE PUBLIC GARDENS.

VERYBODY confesses that the public gardens of Halifax will compare favorably with the best pleasure resorts of the kind to be found on the continent of America. There are some larger in area, but none contain a richer profusion of rare and beautiful plants, flowers and shrubbery, while the taste with which it is laid out and the loving care with which it is looked after by the chief gardener, Mr. Power—a horticulturalist and florist of great skill and experience—elicits exclamations of delight and appreciation from all visitors.

The public gardens contain about eighteen acres of ground, every inch of which is utilized in nicely gravelled serpentine walks, artificial ponds on which may be seen a

cedar, sumach, olive, ivy, spruce, and pine. Many of these are very beautiful, among them being a noble Dutch elm, with eight large trees growing in a group from a single trunk, and making a shade extending over a wide area. The trunk is surrounded by seats and is a favorite spot for love making.

In the summer season, twice a week in the afternoons, bands play on the grand stand; and nothing can exceed the beauty of the scene when the whole space is illuminated with different colored lights, and when sky rockets and other pyrotechnical displays add to the weird attractions.

These gardens reflect great credit upon the taste and public spirit of Halifax. They are maintained at considerable expense, and the tax is cheerfully paid, as they are free to all alike. They are under the management of a joint commission of aldermen and other citizens selected by the city council, and have been carefully looked after, as they form one of the chief objects of city pride, and well they may. "A glimpse of Paradise" is scarcely too extravagant an expression to use with reference to the Halifax public gardens when seen at their best.

THE FOLLOWING ARE A FEW ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE RESULTS SECURED BY POLICY-HOLDERS WHOSE LIVES HAVE BEEN ASSURED, UNDER THE TONTINE SYSTEM, IN THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES, 120 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

SHOWING IN EACH CASE (AT THE END OF THE TONTINE PERIOD) THE CASH VALUE OF THE POLICY PAYABLE TO THE PERSON WHOSE LIFE IS ASSURED; OR THE CASH RETURN WHICH WILL BE MADE TO HIS HEIRS AFTER HIS DEATH.

ORDINARY LIFE POLICY. (15-YEAR TONTINE PERIOD.)

Policy No. 77,877, was issued Feb. 1st, 1873, on the life of G. H. N.

Age, 45. Amount, \$10,000
Annual Premium, \$379.70.
Premiums paid in 15 years, \$5,695.50

RESULT FEB. 1, 1888.

1. CASH VALUE.....\$5,956.00
A return in cash to the policy-holder of \$104.95 for each \$100 paid by him in premiums, notwithstanding the fact that his life has been assured for \$10,000 for 15 years.

Or, 2. PAID-UP VALUE.....\$10,090.00
A return in cash to the policy-holder's heirs, at his death, of \$177 for each \$100 paid by him in premiums, notwithstanding the fact that his life has been assured for \$10,000 for 15 years.

No more premiums to be paid.

LIMITED PAYMENT LIFE TONTINE POLICY. (PREMIUMS PAYABLE IN 15 YEARS.)

Policy No. 78,780 was issued Feb. 28, 1873, on the life of R. C. K.

Age, 42. Amount, \$5,000
Annual Premium, \$239.20.
Premiums paid in 15 years, \$3,588.00

RESULT FEB. 28, 1888.

1. CASH VALUE.....\$4,487.75
A return in cash to the policy-holder of \$125 for each \$100 paid by him in premiums, notwithstanding the fact that his life has been assured for \$5,000 for 15 years.

Or, 2. PAID-UP VALUE.....\$8,130.00
A return in cash to the policy-holder's heirs, at his death, of \$226.60 for each \$100 paid by him in premiums, notwithstanding the fact that his life has been assured for \$5,000 for 15 years.

No more premiums to be paid.

FIFTEEN-YEAR ENDOWMENT TONTINE POLICY.

Policy No. 88,745 was issued March 5th, 1874, on the life of G. S.

Age, 34. Amount, \$2,500
Annual Premium, \$169.00
Premiums paid in 15 years, \$2,535.00

RESULT MARCH 5, 1889.

1. CASH VALUE.....\$3,622.70

A return in cash to the policy-holder of \$142.90 for each \$100 paid by him in premiums (or, in other words, a return of all his premiums, with compound interest, at the rate of nearly 3-8 per cent. per annum), notwithstanding the fact that his life has been assured for \$2,500 for 15 years.

Or, 2. PAID-UP VALUE.....\$7,945.00

A cash return to the policy-holder's heir at his death, of \$312.41 for each \$100 paid by him in premiums, notwithstanding the fact that his life has been assured for \$2,500 for 15 years.

No more premiums to be paid.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society was organized July 25th, 1859.

The following table shows its progress during the last thirty years, and illustrates its unprecedented growth and prosperity.

Growth in Assets and Surplus.

ASSETS. SURPLUS 4p. c.

1859.....	\$ 117,102
1860.....	10,510,824 \$ 319,755
1879.....	37,366,842 \$ 559,395
1888.....	95,042,023 20,794,715

The Equitable, compared with all other life assurance companies, has for nine years transacted the Largest Annual New business and held the Largest 4 per cent. Surplus, while for three years it has held the Largest Outstanding Assurances.

Growth in Outstanding Assurances.

Assurance in force Dec. 1859.....	\$ 1,144,000
" " Jan. 1869.....	112,558,213
" " " 1879.....	157,737,350
" " " 1889.....	549,216,126

Statement of Surplus (on a per cent. basis for future interest), Over and above all Liabilities, Dec. 31, 1888.

Surplus earned in 1888.....	\$5,067,124
Increase in Surplus in 1888.....	2,690,400
Total Surplus.....	20,794,715

A Comparison of the statements of the Different Companies shows that

THE EQUITABLE,

In 1888, exceeded every other Life Assurance Company in the following important respects. It had

1. The Largest New Business.....	\$153,933,535
2. The Largest Amount of Assurance in Force.....	549,216,126
3. The Largest Premium Income.....	22,047,813

4. The Largest Total Income.....	26,958,798
5. The largest Excess of Income over Disbursements.....	10,120,071
6. The largest 4 Per Cent. Surplus.....	20,794,715
7. The Largest Amount of Surplus earned in 1888.....	5,067,124
8. The Largest Increase of Assurance in Force.....	66,186,564
9. The Largest Increase of Premium Income.....	2,932,038
10. The Largest Increase of Interest, Dividends, and Rent Income.....	786,090
11. The Largest Increase of Total Income.....	3,718,128
12. The Largest Increase in Assets.....	10,604,018
13. The Largest Increase in Surplus.....	2,690,400
14. The Largest Increase in payments to Policy-holders.....	1,821,948

The successful management of the Society is also shown by the fact that of all the leading companies it has—

1. The Highest Ratio of Assets to Liabilities (128 per cent.); and,
2. The smallest Ratio of Expenses to New Business (3.22 per cent.).

The charter of the Society provides that its business shall be conducted on the *mutual* plan, under which the profits of the business belong to and are divided among policy-holders exclusively.

The Tontine policy, which, in its various forms, was devised by the Equitable, is a revolutionized the business of life assurance.

Under this system policy-holders have received larger profits than are possible under any other form of assurance, and it is confidently recommended as the best policy ever offered by any life assurance company. The surplus of the Society is divided on the "Contribution plan," i.e. in proportion as each person has (according to his age on entrance) contributed thereto. Hence the dividends vary at different ages. Full information will be given, when desired, to intending assureds.

The Society issues TONTINE POLICIES WHICH ARE "NON-FORFEITING" (having paid-up value after 3 years) WITHOUT RESTRICTION as to TRAVEL, RESIDENCE, OR OCCUPATION, after the 1st year; ABSOLUTELY INCONTINGENT after the 2nd year; PAYABLE IMMEDIATELY upon the receipt of proofs of death (without the usual delay of 60 or 90 days).

Upon application to the Society or any of its agencies, pamphlets containing the fullest information regarding the various forms of policy issued will be promptly forwarded to any address.

EDWARDS & FIELDING,

General Agents.

Office: Queen Buildings.

Pay a Visit to

BARNSTEAD & SUTHERLAND'S

NEW STORE

145 & 147 Barrington Street

Opposite South End
Grand Parade

As we will offer during

* CARNIVAL WEEK *

Our Large Stock of

DRY GOODS

AT SPECIAL PRICES

BARNSTEAD

AND SUTHERLAND

C. S. LANE, HATS AND FURS, 133 GRANVILLE STREET

W. C. SMITH -

* MERCHANT TAILOR

145 HOLLIS STREET :: :: ::

HALIFAX, N. S.

SPECIALTIES: FINE GOODS! FINE WORKMANSHIP!

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ACROSS THE HARBOR.



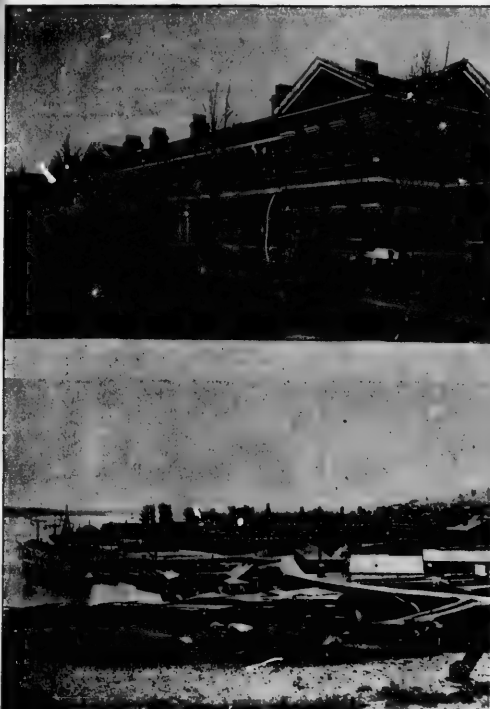
DARTMOUTH, the town lying opposite Halifax on the eastern side of the harbor, is a prettily situated and bustling little place of about five thousand inhabitants. It is surrounded by scenery of the most enchanting description, a lovelier spot than the "Cove" being difficult to find. On the side of the hill commanding the cove are a number of charming villas, with well cultivated gardens and flower plots and embowered among trees. Standing on a high hill at the north of the town you can have a magnificent view of the harbor, the city of Halifax, Bedford Basin and the splendid chain of beautiful lakes which stretch from the back of the town to Waverley, famous for its gold mines.

VISITING THE FORTIFICATIONS.

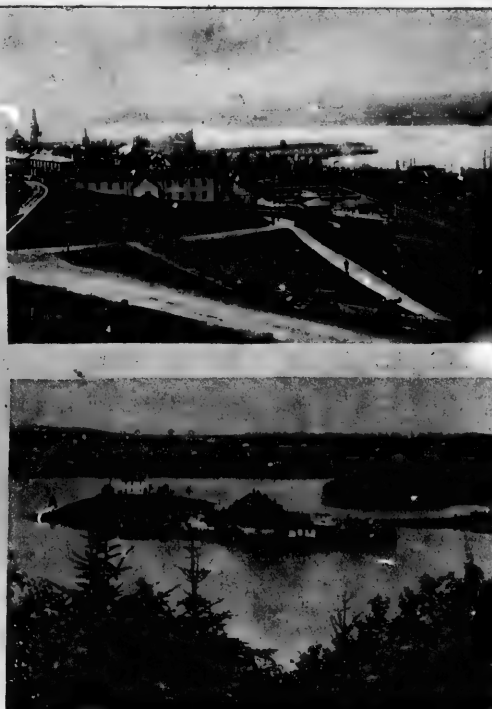
It is not an easy matter to get inside any of the numerous forts in and around Halifax. No person outside of military circles is permitted to enter without presenting a pass signed by the proper officer. The interior of any of the fortifications is highly interesting, but the best one for strangers is the Citadel, from the ramparts of which they may obtain a very fine view of the whole surrounding city and country. The passes referred to are to be obtained at the Brigade office, Pleasant street, foot of Spring Garden Road. You must be careful in your actions inside the Citadel unless you desire to be placed under arrest as a supposed Fenian, but it is probable a soldier will be detailed at the gate to accompany you in your saunter through the fort, and he will take good care to give warning as to what should and what should not be done. The other principal forts about Halifax are: Fort Charlotte, George's Island; Fort Ogilvie, Point Pleasant; Fort Clarence, Eastern Passage; Ives' Point, MacNab's Island, and York Redoubt, guarding the outer entrance to the harbor.

Fitzgerald, third baseman and left fielder, and Michael Pender, right fielder, all former members of the Atlantas, were secured. James Doyle, who caught Davison in the Socials in 1887, was induced to leave Gardiner, Me., where he had been residing, and return to play with the Socials; he alternates at second base and back stop for Davison. The other members of the team are: Robie Davison, pitcher; Howard Smith, first base; John Graham, third base, and John O'Brien, centre field, all of whom were with the club last season. Robie Davison, who captains the team, has proved himself a triler of great ability, and Halifax people think his superior cannot be found in the provinces. Smith, Graham, O'Brien and Pender have performed good work on the diamond heretofore, and this season are expected to exceed even their previous work.

When the formation of this team was finally arranged the need of a professional coacher became apparent, in order to keep up with the progress of the game in the provinces. Correspondence was opened with numerous applicants for the position, among whom was Flynn, who won fame as a twirler with the Chicagos in 1886, when they won the



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Within a few miles of Dartmouth, following the southern shore of the harbor, are the picturesque settlements of Eastern Passage, Lawrencetown and Cow Bay, the latter being one of the finest bathing places that can be imagined, the surf rolling in from the Atlantic along a low sandy beach two to three miles in length. Taking another route to the westward of this, Chezzetcook, a French settlement, presents a unique appearance. Here may be found French Acadians living in the garments, speaking the language and maintaining the traditions and habits of the race, the same as depicted by Longfellow in the immortal poem "Evangeline." Directly to the back of Dartmouth, a distance of eight miles and forming a most delightful drive, with glimpses of lake scenery intermingled with forest and cultivated field, the colored settlement of Preston is reached, and here there is much to interest and amuse the tourist. Further on one reaches Musquodoboit and Porter's Lake, classic spots much admired by every visitor for their sylvan scenery.

A day or so may be spent very pleasantly in visiting Dartmouth and its surroundings. Nature has favored it abundantly and the wealth and taste of many of its citizens have supplemented the efforts of the bounteous dame.

BASEBALL CLUBS OF HALIFAX.

HERE is no city in Canada where the great American national game of baseball has obtained a greater hold than in Halifax, our numerous athletic grounds and the Public Common affording accommodations not surpassed by any city on the continent.

For years past Halifax has been accustomed to see two senior teams contesting for the supremacy with varied success—the Socials and Atlantas, or, as the latter were known for a time, the Y. M. L. A.'s. Near the close of last season these teams joined hands, and during the winter season it was deemed that a sort of amalgamation was advisable by which the Socials, still retaining their name, should get a few of the Atlantas to strengthen the team and place it in a position to cope with any foreign teams which might visit Halifax. So the services of John White, the star catcher of the city; Richard

National League pennant. He was engaged to coach and alternate in the box, at a salary exceeding that of any professional ball player in this country. The team is now composed of those named, and with some coaching will make a combination hard to beat.

There are many other teams in the city besides the Socials, prominent among them being the clubs composing the Halifax Amateur Baseball League, the Standards, Young Men's Literary Association nine, St. Patrick's Society team. Socials (second nine) and the Wanderers, Royal Blues, St. Mary's Society nine and Chebuctos. The latter hail from Dartmouth, but play games with the Halifax club. The Amateur League was formed in 1888, when it consisted of five clubs, one more than this season. A schedule of games was played during that season, in which the Standards were winners, with the Y. M. L. A.'s a good second. By winning the championship of the league the Standards carried off the handsome pennant offered by the Daily Echo. At the inception of the league Frank J. Power, than whom but few in the city know more about baseball, was elected president, and he filled the office so acceptably that he was re-elected this

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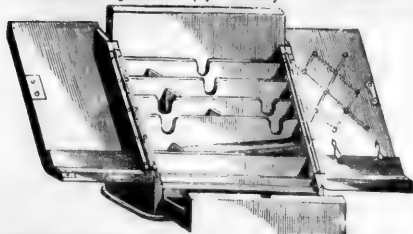
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MARKET SQUARE

Halifax, N. S.

ware. The vice-president and treasurer are Dennis Sullivan, of the Standard club, and James Farquhar, of the Social club, both well known in connection with the game. James L. Gowen, sporting editor of the DAILY ECHO, fills the office of secretary. This year's schedule consists of sixteen Saturday afternoon games.

The battery of the Wanderers' team consists of George Tracey, pitcher, and Frank Grierson, back stop. Tracey is the well known champion half-mile runner. Grierson caught for Davison when he first pitched for the Socials.

W. A. Henry, the cricketer, and Fred Blight, the well known wicket keeper, are also members of the baseball team. The Wanderers can put up a pretty good game with the best of the Amateur League teams.

Patrick O'Connell and John Mahar are the battery for the Y. M. L. A., and they performed some splendid work last season.

The League team of the Social club have John McLeod and Al. Fielding as a battery, the former of last year's St. Mary's nine. This is their first season together, but great things are expected of them.

Dan O'Brien is the Standard's pitcher, or at least one of the pitchers, and probably the best. "Dan" is not a giant, but with Kehoe or Lindsay behind the bat there is generally a lot of air fanning going on. Kehoe, of the Standards, also acts as back stop for Downey in the Chebuctos.

St. Patrick's battery is Connors, pitcher, and Ryan, catcher. The former has only come prominently before the public during this season.

His work so far forth has called high encomiums. The failure of his team to win cannot be in any way attributed to him. His back stop, Ryan, was seen in this city years ago, and can play ball with the best of them.

To enumerate the numerous other clubs that may be found within the city limits would consume a great deal of space, but visitors during Carnival Week can satisfy themselves that this grand old "city by the sea" is the "dandy" ball town of the provinces by taking a walk, during any fine evening, in the vicinity of the Wanderers', Royal Blues' and Y. M. L. A. grounds, and the Common. At the latter place there may be seen innumerable nines of Young Halifax intently engaged in the great game which for healthful, manly exercise, cannot be beaten.

While preparing this article a report came to us that the Atlantas are about to reorganize, and that Myrt Hackett, who played here years ago, has been engaged. Should this prove true it will tend to increase the interest in the game. But whether it does or does not, the CARNIVAL ECHO wishes all lovers of the game plenty of good sport during the week, and expresses the hope that in the games with foreign teams the home clubs will be able to prove that American citizens are not the only ones who can "play ball."

EXCURSIONS BY WATER.

No harbor in the world can begin to compare with the harbor of Halifax in the beauty and variety of scenery which it presents to the water excursionist. Given a steamer and a fine day—and fine days are the order of the day in Halifax in the summer season—fill it up with excursionists bent on a water picnic, and we know of no place where they can have a better opportunity for enjoyment than on Halifax harbor and adjacent waters. The harbor itself gives many square miles of placid water, and beautiful scenery on the Dartmouth shore, and a fine sea view, with MacNab's and George's Islands to glide around. If we choose to sail up Bedford Basin we find a sheet of water unequalled in beauty. On its eastern side it is dotted with lovely little islands, richly wooded. On the west is a series of little villas, charming retreats stretching along the picturesque shade until we reach Bedford itself, where we may land and have a ramble up the Sackville River or hear it brawling over the rocks before it leaps into the Basin.

If we take another route to the south—assuming that we start from the City Wharf, about the centre of the city,—we will round Point Pleasant, with views of MacNab's and George's Islands, the Eastern Passage, the lighthouses, the military stations and forts, and the rugged and bold cliffs of the western shore, with fishing hamlets nestling at their base. We turn the Point and proceed up the North-West

Arm, elsewhere spoken of, and without exception the most bewitching and indescribably beautiful bit of land and water scenery to be found in North America. No visitor to Halifax in the summer season should fail to take advantage of steamer excursions on the harbor, or if one does not care for a steamer, probably crowded, sail boats may be had.

A BLIGHTED MUSICIAN.

DO I play the flute? Well no—not at least not now. I swore off years ago, and have not fingered a key or puckered a lip since. Did I excel? Undoubtedly! Was a specialist? Tell you all about it? All right. You see, the first time I struck New Glasgow I struck it with my head. I took a header off a load of rye straw that I had brought in from the country, and was down in the hard. I was down in it about a foot. I could have gone down further, for it was spring time and there were unlimited opportunities, but my ambition didn't run in that direction. I don't think I was received with the amount of ceremony that should have been accorded to a boy of my rank. I was very rank. Still, when a boy is down in the world he has to put up with these drawbacks.

I had not been long a respected citizen of the town before it struck me that I ought to do something to distinguish

were playing with a good deal of vim and enthusiasm and resolution and diabolical glee, and as we played we threw in fistfuls of "crescendos" on the start and peppered it with "grandiosos" and scattered staccato tones all along the back stretch, and were just about to come under the wire with a wild "confusia" movement when I heard a gentle tap at the door and the landlady entered in a bashful and saddened way. I thought the melody had touched her heart, so without speaking—for I didn't want to break the spell—I motioned her to a chair. She said, in a most oily and passive way:

"I see, Mr. Dee, that you are musically inclined." I didn't like the compliment. I thought she might have heard by this time instead of seeing. But I swallowed my ire and replied that "I thought it quite an accomplishment to be able to while away the time pleasantly and profitably."

"O! indeed," she said; "so it is—Would you be kind enough to favor me with a selection? Let me see," she continued aloud. "O! yes; would you be kind enough to play 'Home, Sweet Home.' It's so long since I've heard it."

I said, "With pleasure, Madam"; then threw my head back with the air of a professional, puckered my mouth, and was about to sail in. But the quiver of that request had killed the flute. It was as voiceless as a graven image. So I carried it out to the garden, dug a grave two feet deep due east and west, and gave it decent burial. And unless there's a resurrection of flutes I'll never play again. No, never!

New Glasgow.

MAC DEE.



POINT PLEASANT PARK.

myself. So I joined a flute band. I was the leader of the band; also the tenor, and the bass, and the drummer, and the other members. The bald fact was that the flute and myself constituted the entire orchestra.

After we got organized and had somewhat mastered the rudiments, which occupied several minutes, we commenced to play "Home, Sweet Home." We played it laboriously, continuously and diabolically, until we discovered by certain overt acts that the people in town didn't take kindly to propitiation of the smooth-bore variety, when I left for Halifax, taking the entire band with me. We had not been long there when we were all attacked by home-sickness, and so we played "Home, Sweet Home" as a sort of counter-irritant. Besides, we wanted to ingratiate ourselves with the landlady. We played that tune in the morning, we played it at noon, we played it in the twilight. We arose at the dead hour of the night and warbled for all we were worth. We played at intervals, we played it on Sundays, on feast days, fast days, and holidays. We played it in the beautiful spring and all along the summer, and when autumn arrived and the leaves were sere and yellow the wild weird notes of that flute could be heard moaning for "Home, Sweet Home" and the dying year.

Still, malicious as I was, I always played it the same way. Music is like stroking a cat's back. So long as you stroke it with the fur it is all right; but if you rub it backwards, there's trouble. Just so with music. So long as you continue to play it straight away it goes nice and smooth, but it riles it up a good deal to play it backwards. I always commenced at one end and when I got to the other I got off and walked back to the place of beginning.

Well, the people in the house got to know that particular selection when they heard it elsewhere. They did not require to have some one draw their attention to it, and say "That is the tune the boarder in number seven works at." They knew it. One day we were unusually lonely and

HALIFAX AND DARTMOUTH FIREMEN.

The Halifax fire department is a volunteer organization. It is second in enthusiasm and energy to none of its size in the world, being composed of sturdy, fearless men, who never flinch at the call of duty. The chief branch of the department is the Union Engine company, which was formed August 8, 1878, and reorganized May 21, 1881. Its active membership consists of 150 men, divided into eight divisions. Following is a list of the company and division officers:

Captain, M. H. Condon; Recording Secretary, M. J. Boyle; Financial Secretary, Alfred Pitts; Treasurer, J. E. Burns; Marshal, John Walsh.

No. 1, Steam Fire Engine Division—1st Lieutenant, P. J. Broderick; and do., Wm. Gleeson. No. 2, Steam Division—1st Lieutenant, J. Egan; and do., Edward Delaney. No. 3, Hose Division—1st Lieutenant, Dennis Mahoney; and do., William Howley. No. 4, Hose Division—1st Lieutenant, Joseph Johnston; and do., James Fogarty. No. 5, Hose Division—1st Lieutenant, John B. Redmond; and do., Alex. Frater. No. 6, Hose Division—1st Lieutenant, James Allen; and do., Alex. Duggan. No. 7, Hose Division—1st Lieutenant, Geo. Churchill; and do., John Washington.

UNION PROTECTION CO.

The Union Protection Co. was also organized in 1878, and has a membership of 200. Its present officers are as follows: Captain, D. H. Campbell; Vice-Captain, John Glassey; Treasurer, Chas. Neal; Secretary, W. A. Sturmy; Financial Secretary, George Downie; Marshal, Thos. Robinson. No. 1, Division—1st Lieutenant, Robert Farquhar; and do., W. C. Muir. No. 2, Division—1st Lieutenant, E. G. Fenton; and do., Hugh Johns. Besides the above there is the Union Axe Co., of which James Armstrong is captain. Its full membership strength is 50.

THE DARTMOUTH FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Union Engine Company—Captain, W. H. Sterns; 1st Lieutenant, H. Zwicker; and do., Joe Finlay; Secretary, Jas. Harrison; Treasurer, Angus McAdam. Union Protection Company—Captain, J. E. Sterns; 1st Lieutenant, E. Burchell; and do., J. McQuarrie; Treasurer, C. McNab; Secretary, G. A. Sterns; Marshal, J. A. Sterns; Captain, John Finlay; 1st Lieutenant, J. A. Sterns; Secretary, John E. Walker.

OUR SUPPLEMENTS.

Every purchaser of the CARNIVAL ECHO is entitled to three beautiful colored supplements, presenting pictures of the following Summer Carnival features:

- Naval Bombardment of Halifax.
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- Concert and Fireworks Display in the Public Gardens.

These magnificent supplements were, like the *CARNIVAL ECHO*, executed by the Toronto Lithographing Company, and are a great credit to their establishment.

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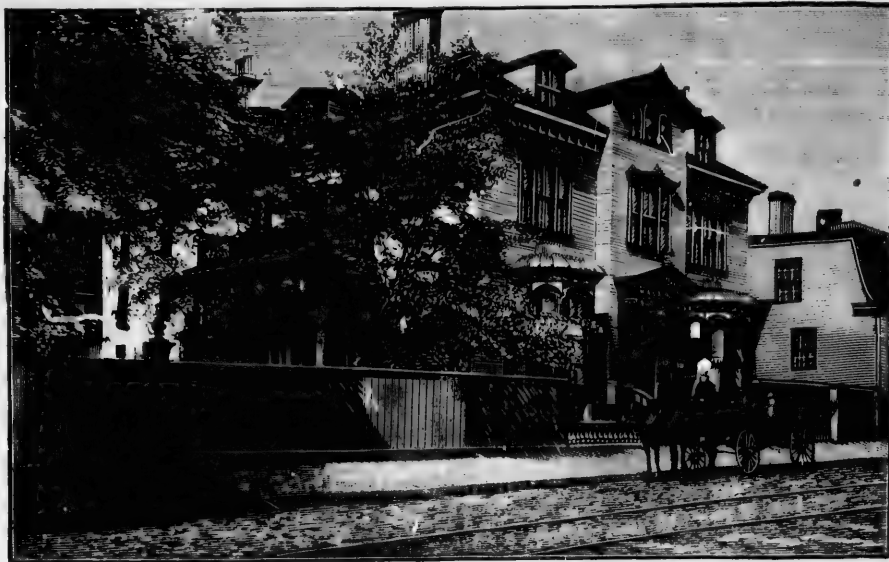
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VIEWS ON THE HARBOR, BEDFORD BASIN AND NORTH-WEST ARM.

STEAMSHIP ROUTES.

There are many fine steamship lines to carry you to or from Halifax.

The Atlantic liners running to Halifax include the Dominion, Allan and Furness, all of which are well known to afford first-class passenger accommodations. A. G. Jones & Co. are agents of the Dominion Line; S. Cunard & Co. of the Allans, and Pickford & Black of the Furness.

Pickford & Black's West India Line is a favourite with tourists going to Bermuda, Havana, Turk's Island, Jamaica and other sunny islands of the West Indies. This firm are managers of a Newfoundland line, and also act as agents for numerous other steamship companies, a list of which is given in their business announcement.

Several first-class lines run between Halifax and Boston, including the Canada Atlantic Company and the Boston, Halifax & Prince Edward Island Company. Chipman Bros. are agents of the former, J. F. Phelan & Son of the latter. The Halifax, commanded by Captain Hill, is noted for her fast trips and is seldom late. The route giving the shortest sea voyage is the popular Yarmouth, of which Hon. L. E. Baker is managing-director. The splendid new screw steamer Yarmouth has an unbroken record of speedy runs across the Bay and has drawn an enormous passenger traffic. Her accommodations are superior in every respect, and she is in charge of efficient and popular officers, who have contributed a great deal to the success of the route.

Elegantly appointed steamers also connect Halifax with Baltimore, New York, St. Pierre, Mig., Yarmouth and shore ports. The Allan liners bring a great many passengers down Baltimore to Halifax in summer time, and the steamers of the Red Star Line, of which F. D. Corbett & Co. are agents, carry large lists to and from New York. Corbett & Co. are also agents of the Anglo-French Line to

St. Pierre. The pleasant and comfortable side-wheel steamer City of St. John runs to Yarmouth, where it connects with the Yarmouth for Boston. The M. A. Starr plies eastward to Charlottetown, P.E.I., under the management of Fishwick's express.

SUPERIOR HOTELS.

The hotels of Halifax compare favorably with any in Canada, having no superiors and few equals, while charges, even for sumptuous quarters in the finest locations, are remarkably moderate.

The Halifax and Queen, situated on Hollis street, in the business centre, and the Waverley, situated in the fashionable and exclusive quarter of Pleasant street, between Morris and South, are the three largest representative hotels that may be mentioned. Each affords accommodation for a large number of guests, and between them they can find room for an enormous crowd of people. These houses are the favorite sojourning places of the wealthy class, while the Halifax and Queen, owing to their convenient situation, draw a large proportion of the business people visiting the city. The Waverley's pleasant location at the south end makes it always a popular resort, and particularly so in summer time. It caters largely to the aristocratic class of guests, while the Halifax and Queen have also entertained many distinguished personages making brief or extended visits to the city. The Halifax has been enlarged this summer by the addition of a wing that will enable Messrs. Hesselein to accommodate a considerably increased number of guests, while a spacious and elegant conservatory has been erected for the special benefit of visitors. Improvements have been made this year at the

Queen as well, for Manager Sheraton is determined to maintain its popularity and increase the extensive and profitable class of patrons he has drawn to its shelter in a very short time. The Waverley is conducted by the Misses Romans, who have had a prosperous experience in the hotel business, and have made their splendid establishment famous by the thoroughly efficient manner in which it is managed. Throughout the Waverley's appointments are rich and elegant.

The Albion is another commodious house, which the well-known proprietor, Mr. P. P. Archibald, was not long ago compelled to enlarge in order to meet the demands of steadily increasing business. The Albion is one of the most comfortable hotels in Halifax, and may also be numbered among the largest. The Lorne House, which occupies a beautiful situation on Morris street, is principally for permanent boarders, but receives transient as well. The Royal, on Argyle street, of which Mr. L. D. Winsor is proprietor, is also a first-class hotel, where anybody can feel sure of being comfortably quartered and receiving every attention. The Acadian in Granville street is a house of moderate size and reasonable charges.

The Rialto, on Water street, is principally selected by provincial people as their stopping place. Among the other good houses generally termed second-class are the Revere, North street, and the British American and Caledonia, Water street. There is an endless number of smaller hotels and boarding houses situated in all parts of the city, most of them first-class in all respects, which it is impossible to designate by name in this article.

Visitors unable to secure rooms at any of the houses mentioned are advised to drive to the Carnival Committee Rooms, corner of Granville and George streets, where they can get the addresses of numerous good places able to accommodate them.

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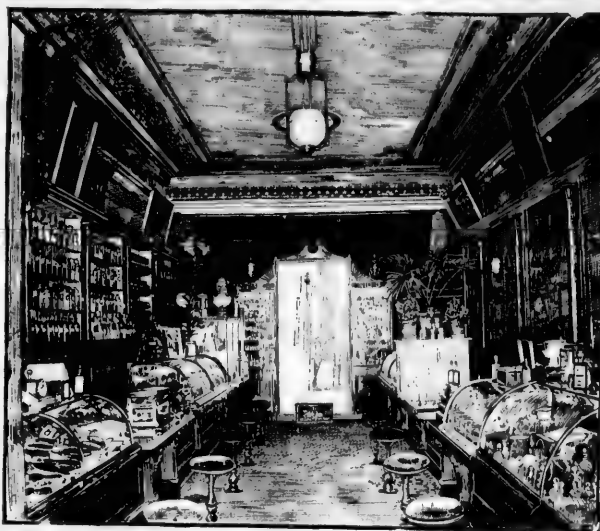
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A Pleasant Aperient

Mylius' Iron & Quinine Tonic

The Great Strengthener

H. & M. Blood Purifier

A Genuine Blood Vial

Mylius' Anti Neuralgia Pills

A Positive Cure for Neuralgia

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For Nervous and Sick Headache

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The Nicest, Newest, Clearest
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Olive's Tooth Powder

The Popular Dentifrice

Our Cherry Tooth Paste

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Nervous and Sick Headache

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Nicest, Newest, Cheapest
and Best Tooth-wash

Tooth Powder

The Popular Dentist

Cherry Tooth Paste

Is the Favorite

's Cholera Specific

For Summer Complaints

M. Sanitary Fluid

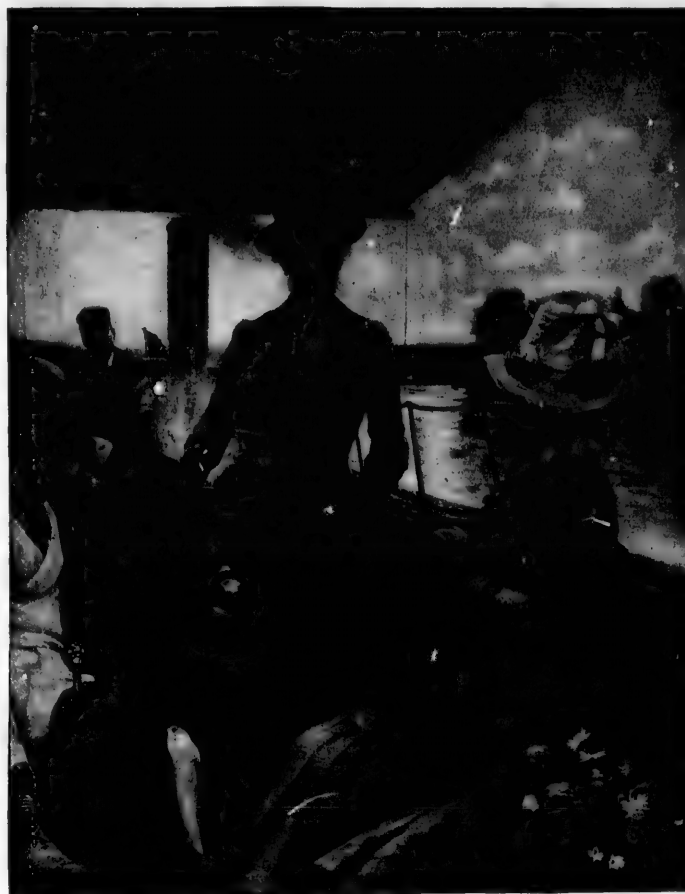
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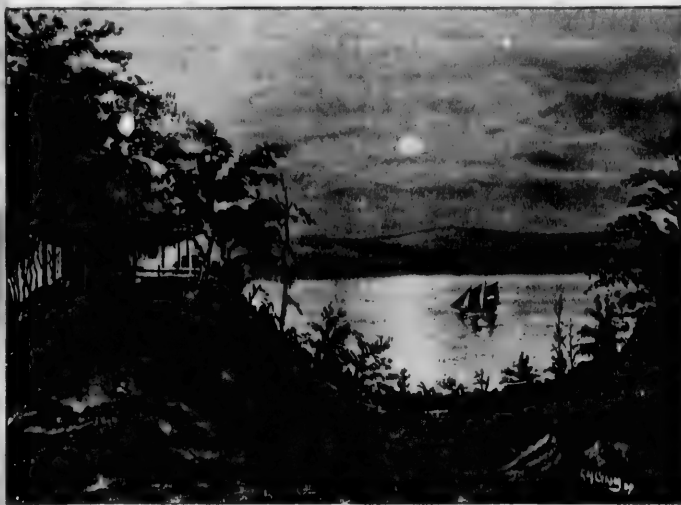


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PRINCE'S LODGE BY MOONLIGHT.

RUNNING THE BLOCKADE AT HALIFAX.

IN the summer of 1864, I fitted out at Wilmington the steamer "Atlanta" as a Confederate man-of-war. She was built at Millwall-on-the-Thames for the East India trade, was one of the first vessels to use twin screws, and was well adapted for a cruiser. She could steam thirteen knots, which at that time was considered very fast. With a battery of three pivot guns, and a crew of 180 men and officers, she was christened the "Tallahassee" on hoisting the pennant.

At this time, Wilmington was blockaded by a fleet of fifteen or twenty steamers, and the most extraordinary precautions were made by the Federals to close the port—for, with the exception of Charleston, whose entrance had been greatly obstructed by sinking vessels in the channel, it was the only means of communication the Confederacy had with the outside world, and through which it received some, but necessary, supplies of arms, clothing, medicines, etc. A bad bar obstructs the mouth of the Cape Fear River, on which Wilmington is situated, and added to the difficulties and dangers of evading the blockaders. Only on moonless nights was the attempt made. For two nights we failed, owing to our grounding on the bar, but on the third night we crossed safely, only touching once or twice. As we cleared it a rocket from a launch close aboard was a signal to the fleet that a blockade-runner was coming out.

"Ahead full speed!" was the order signalled to the engine-room, and under a full head of steam the "Tallahassee" started forward into the darkness like a sleuth-hound freed from its leash.

Every light was extinguished; even the binnacle was shaded. The crew at quarters. The look-out in the fore-rigging reports a vessel on the port bow, close aboard. "Fast steady!" The stranger signals, but waits only a minute for an answer and fires with a light gun. As we pass close under his stern we hear the sharp, quick words of command of the captain of the after pivot, "Elevate! steady! fire!" and the discharge of a heavy shell gun, like a flash of lightning, shows the position of the enemy, and at the same moment that of another blockader nearly ahead broadside to and heading to the southward. Starboarding a little, we pass astern of this one also. Signals are rapidly exchanged with three or four of the blockading fleet and rockets are thrown in the direction we are steering. The first vessel keeps up a rapid firing and is joined by one of the others, but it is very wild and harmless as far as we are concerned. In an hour we are outside all the inshore fleet and stand to northward and eastward.

At daylight we were about fifty miles off-shore and in the neighborhood of the off-shore blockading fleet, cruising to pick up vessels which should succeed in escaping during the night. Two steamers were made out in quick succession, one ahead and one on the starboard beam. To avoid them it was necessary either to stand to the westward, which would take us inshore again, or to steam to the southward,

which I was loath to do, for I was bound to the northern coast of the United States. However, there was no alternative than to up helm and run for it. We were sighted at the same time by one of the ships and she fired three guns as a signal to other vessels in the neighborhood.

As the day grew older we made the nearest one out to be a large side-wheel steamer, square-rigged forward,—about three miles distant, on our port quarter; the other astern, a mile or two farther off. The wind was moderate from the westward, and fair for the side-wheeler, who soon had everything drawing. My fore and aft sails were of little help. At the end of a half-hour it was apparent that the enemy was gaining. I sent for the chief engineer and asked him if he could not do better—open her out a little more. He would try, but was afraid of hot journals.

I soon saw our only chance was to run to windward or before the wind to neutralize the canvas of the pursuing steamer. The first was preferable, but it took us right back toward the blockading fleet, and to steer to the eastward with the wind took us across the bows of our pursuer, who hung on to our port quarter. However, it must be tried, and we edged off a half point at a time.

We were now fast nearing each other. The three miles were now two. But as we brought the wind more and more aft we gladly noticed that she ceased to come up so fast and was soon nearly astern. Her sails hung up and down the masts. Every thing is cleaved up together, and as her crew run aloft to furl, she sheers about two points and fires her first gun. It is well intended, but falls short. She is now within a mile and we see her officers on the bridge, the crew working the forward guns. Fortunately she has no pivot forward and cannot bring a gun to bear without sheering about two or three points, and in doing this she of course loses ground. Without her sails we held our own, and indeed were commencing to widen the distance between us, particularly as she continued to fire, sheering first to starboard and then to port. One shell passed uncomfortably near, cutting the smoke-stack guys, but otherwise the firing was wild. I was strongly tempted to use

our after pivot, but to do so would expose our character, and I was anxious to reach the neighborhood of New York and Boston without warning.

It was near noon and our pursuer still kept in our wake. We could see by the smoke from her funnel that they were supplementing their fuel with rosin, oil, etc.; but we were gradually drawing away from her, as well as from her consort, which was full down astern. My only anxiety was our engines, and I knew that one was giving the chief a good deal of trouble. Soon after piping to dinner he came up and reported that he must stop the port one long enough to let the journals cool and key up. I asked him if he could not hold on for an hour or so, and by that time the enemy might haul off, as he saw we were leaving him. He replied he was afraid not. To do so would endanger a serious break-down. I told him to keep her turning till the last moment and then shut off. The log showed a speed of a long thirteen knots. An ominous jar from below and a puff of steam from the escape pipe notified us that we were temporarily crippled.

The enemy was now fully two miles distant heading straight for us, making a better wake than we could—an advantage that the enemy always has. With a rich prize ahead as they thought, they had no idea of giving up the chase. With only the starboard engine working, our speed soon ran down to ten knots, and then to nine. The enemy of course gained rapidly, and soon, from the movements on her bridge and deck, I could see they divined what was the matter. The chief said half an hour would be sufficient to cool off and tighten up, and a more anxious thirty minutes I never passed. I had kept the crew out of sight, but now ordered Mr. Ward, the first lieutenant, to send the after division to quarters. We must try and cripple the enemy before he got too close aboard and before his friend could come up. The after pivot was a six-inch Parrott rifle, that had been captured from the enemy. The first shot was high, and the second too far to the right. I jumped aft to pitch into the captain of the gun, but saw at once the difficulty of making any correct firing. The vibration from the one screw was so great it was impossible to lay the gun with any accuracy. I tried one shot and did no better. Our big friend was losing no time now by firing, but, within less than a mile, was rapidly approaching. As I went forward again I heard the welcome words, "All ready again, sir."

"Ahead full speed, both engines," and the "Tallahassee" again jumps forward and I feel that we are all right. As soon as the enemy discovers she is losing ground once more she sheers off and gives us a broadside. One shell bursts overhead and two or three fragments are embedded in the deck.

The chase is continued all the afternoon, until at sunset we see our persistent foe turn slowly and head to the northward. Years afterwards I met Capt. Parker, an old ship-



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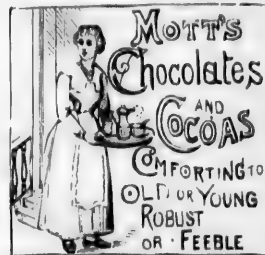
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mate, and in spinning yarns I found he had commanded the "Cayler," our pursuer. She had been a large ocean steamer, converted into a cruiser.

When night closed in our engines and all hands obtained a much-needed rest. We stood to the northward, under easy steam, speaking several vessels which were under neutral flags. On the fifth day out, off the Capes of the Delaware, we made our first capture, and during the next three weeks captured thirty-three vessels, not including fishing smacks or small craft. Most of the prizes were burned or scuttled. As our provisions would accumulate, one vessel after landing would be used as a cartel. The most important capture was the packet ship "Adriatic," from London, with a large number of passengers and a very valuable cargo. The passengers were transferred to the bark "Suliste" and the "Adriatic" was burned near Fire Island. A number of her passengers acknowledged they were under engagement to enlist in the northern army. The bounty was the lighthouse; so we were contending against the mercenaries of the world.

For two days I lay between Fire Island and Sandy Hook light ship, making, among other captures, two pilot boats, in the hope that I might secure a Hell Gate pilot; for, could I have procured the services of one, I would have gone in by Sandy Hook in the evening, through East River and out through the Gate into the Sound. It was feasible, and

offered the only chance of filling our bunkers, now nearly empty, and for that port we started.

Picking up a pilot off Nantux, soon after daylight we came to anchor inside of George's Island. I at once called upon Admiral Sir James Hope, whose flag was flying on board the "Duncan," and then with Dr. Tupper (now Sir Charles), who was Provincial Secretary, visited the Governor, Sir Richard Graves McDonald, who was very cordial and invited me to breakfast next morning, an invitation I was forced to decline. The Admiral directed my attention to the Queen's Proclamation, which forbade belligerents from remaining in a British port more than forty-eight hours, and from procuring munitions of war, etc. I told him it would be rigidly observed as far as I was concerned; that I needed no supplies of any kind but coal and a new mainmast. I have neglected to state that while off New York we had fouled a large ship and carried away our mainmast and all attached. The Confederate agents, Messrs. B. Wier & Co., were promptly on board and took energetic steps to meet our wants. A supply of hard coals was found at Wicksale and the ship was moved there to fill up.

From the moment of our arrival the American Consul, my old friend Judge Jackson, took the most active measures to thwart us in every way—first to prevent our coaling, and then to have the vessel seized for taking in arms and supplies, and for violating the law of war; for capturing vessels

water enough I would keep her in the channel with the double screws. "All right," he said; "I have never been ship-mates with such things, but if you keep her pinto right I'll take you out." Flemming was a fine specimen of an old waterman as I have ever seen. He was of herculean proportions, with a large head set well down between broad shoulders. A shaggy suit of brown hair covered not only his head, but his neck and face as well. An honest countenance, bronzed by the changes of sixty seasons, inspired confidence at once. I believe he knew the harbor as well as the fish that swim in it. He said the tide would serve at that evening. I cautioned him to say nothing of our intentions and that the ship would be ready at that time. The enemy's cruisers, the "Nansmont" and "Huron," which were in sight off Chubucto Head, in the main ship channel, were kept fully posted as to our movements by their friends in the city, and knowing that our time had expired, were on the *qui vive* for our coming out.

At 9 o'clock we got under way, bidding good-bye to a number of kind Halifaxians, who had made our short stay very pleasant and who remained on board to the last. The night was very dark and overcast. Going down the harbor to the westward of George's Island, we steamed slowly over to the Eastern Passage. All lights were extinguished. It was a case of feel, not sight. The loom of



RESIDENCES ON THE NORTH-WEST ARM.

going through a few hot shot might have set the shipping on both sides on fire, and wake up the Navy Yard with a few shells.

A German steamer was brought to by a shot ahead of her. She was crowded with passengers. I sent a boat on board, with orders to tell the captain that New York was blockaded and warn him off. His surprise was only equalled by his anger. Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Schiedam and all the other Dams were called on, and loud and furious denunciations. The boarding officer left him after suggesting that Philadelphia was still open. He stood to the northward, and in a couple of hours we lost sight of him.

From late New York papers, we learned that the enemy were now thoroughly aroused and that a number of vessels were ordered in pursuit, and that soon our present preserve would be made too warm for us. Standing to the eastward we rounded Nantuxet and into Boston Bay, then along shore as far as the Penobscot, thence to Cape Sable, continuing to pick up a number of prizes. Small coasters and fishermen were not molested, except sometimes to put our prisoners on board. From some we obtained provisions and supplies of all kinds. Only coal was needed and one bark, the "Glenarvon," was loaded with Welsh coals, but there was no practicable means of shifting the cargo at sea, and I was reluctantly forced to scuttle the vessel. Halifax

inside the three mile limit of Nova Scotia, etc. All these matters were referred to me by the Governor and Admiral and to all I made the same answer—that the Queen's Proclamation had been and would be fully observed, as well as the rights of neutrals.

At the expiration of forty-eight hours I was ready, except the mast was not completed. The Admiral sent Captain McGuire of the "Galatea," with a number of boats from the fleet as a show of force, that I must leave. The Captain came on board, and over a glass of grog he told me to consider myself as ordered out of the port—but if he was in my place he would be — if he would go until he got ready. He left after an hour or two spent pleasantly in my cabin. The next morning the new spar came alongside and was soon in place, and preparations were made for getting under way.

The day after our arrival a Federal cruiser was reported off the harbor, and soon after a second one was in sight. The Admiral offered me a safe convoy outside of the limits, but I declined it, and determined to go out at night. In looking over the chart of the harbor with Pilot Jock Fleming, who had been recommended to me, I asked him what water we would carry out through the Eastern passage. He said it was the spring tides and fourteen feet might be found, but the channel was narrow and crooked and with a long ship he would not advise it. I told him if he could find

the land could be seen of course on either hand, but in the darkness it was hard to say whether it was a cable's length or a mile distant. However, Flemming instinctively kept the ship in the channel. Only once, off Lawlor's Island, did he hesitate, and there I sent a boat ahead to mark the turn. We touched nothing except the eel-grass. By midnight Devil's Island lights were abeam and we felt the pulsations of old mother ocean, and right welcome they were.

Off to the westward could be seen the lights of the Federals watching for us. When the island lights bore north, Flemming dropped into his flat and wishing us God-speed was soon out of sight. We stood off to the southward and eastward. Years afterwards I would meet the old man and over a glass of beer at Capt. Bird's he would love to talk of taking the "Tallahassee" out the Eastern Passage the darkest night he ever saw. Let him R. I. P.

Our return to Wilmington was uneventful. I had intended calling at Bermuda and Nassau, but the yellow fever prevented. We ran through the blockading squadron off Wilmington, under a heavy fire, which we returned. Our damages nil; that of the enemy unknown.

The "Tallahassee" returned to England at the close of the war and was sold to the Japanese Government as a cruiser.

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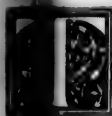
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HALIFAX YACHTING.



One standing on the south-eastern corner of the Citadel of Halifax, and looking over the stretch of Halifax Harbor, the North-West Arm, the Eastern Passage and Bedford Basin, it would seem as though the water before him had been marked out with a special eye to the comfort and pleasure of the yachtsman. From Hambro Island to the head of Bedford Basin is a stretch of twenty miles of sea for yachting water as can be found anywhere. There is scarcely a rock or a shoal to bother about. The south-west winds blow through the summer time with almost the regularity of the tide winds, or the sea breeze of the tropics, and generally with sufficient strength to give the amateur sailor all the wind he is ambitious for. You can have your choice on many days of rough water or smooth, of strong breeze or soft. If you want a little excitement and exhilaration you can, on some breezy day, try your skill and the power of your boat in beating out the great western passage against a "sou-wester." There the breeze, even you have got clear of the head of Point Pleasant, comes sweeping off the western shore at first in sharp squalls that need careful watching and a steady hand at the tiller. In the open bay there is plenty of room for a tidy chap to get up, and as you get down past Marr's Reach and the Lehighfield the roll of the Atlantic warns your stomach that it is time to think of returning. It is glorious sailing out to the mouth of the harbor on a breezy afternoon, with the lee deck buried in the sea, foaming and an occasional swish of spray shot across from the weather bow, but it needs a good boat and a man in charge of her who knows what he is about. If, on the other hand, you feel indisposed to wrestle with the wind and spray, you may "up helm" and run into the Eastern Passage, where, under the friendly shelter of MacNab's Island, you can glide along on what seems a river, with charming scenery on its banks and you may beat round into the Arm at the back of the harbor and there also find shelter and lovely scenery. And then there is Bedford Basin—"the Basin" as it is popularly called. That certainly is no place for a busy or timid yachtsman on a breezy day. Of course no great sea can get up on its landlocked surface, though in a real northerly gale it is surprising how much of a sea can sweep up in the six miles of water from Bedford to Africville. But it can blow there! And such squalls! They come down off the high hills like cannon bolts upon your supercavases and knock you down to the coming without a ripple to warn you. It is no place at any time for belayed sheets and careless steering. But to any one who has the true yachting spirit in him, all this is part of the fun. What would any sport be without something to give a dash of excitement? But on an ordinary summer afternoon, with a moderate westerly breeze, it would be difficult to conceive a lovelier piece of water to sail on than this salt water lake, six miles in length by three in width, set in a rim of gently sloping hills and free from everything in the nature of rock or shoal.

Take it all round for good breezes, for open water, for pleasant scenery and room for shelter, and at the same time for easy access to the open sea, one would go a long way before he will find a pleasanter cruising ground than the western sound of Halifax. And then to those whose tastes and time tempt them to longer cruises than can be managed within the compass of an afternoon or a day, the shores of Nova Scotia, both to the east and west of the city, offer a rugged ground, rugged indeed and where the rough waters

of the Atlantic must be met, and with plenty of danger from shoal and reef, but full of all the charm of breeze and sea, and variety of scenery of island and headland, and picturesque harbors, and of sport with rod and gun.

Yachting has been a popular pastime with the people of Halifax for full half a century—a long time in the history of the sport when it is considered that half a century ago it was in its infancy in Great Britain and practically unknown in the States. For full fifty years there has been a yachting organization of one kind and another in Halifax, and a record of the keen and exciting races that have been sailed in that time would compare not unfavorably with those of far more famous clubs and squadrons. For a number of years past, the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron has been the yachting club of the city, and for that matter of the provinces, because thus far the yachtsmen of the smaller ports have, instead of starting clubs of their own, become members of the larger squadron. The yachts of the squadron are not very large it is true—there are no Volunteers



SCENES ON BEDFORD BASIN AND NORTH-WEST ARM.

and Constellations among them. But their size has encouraged Corinthian seamanship, and there is probably nowhere to be found a smarter lot of amateur yachtsmen, of men who sail their own boats for the health and amusement of it, than among the members of the squadron. It is a good proof of the growth of the club that it has come to the conclusion that it can afford and must have a club house. Arrangements have been made for the purchase of a water lot just on the borders of the beautiful Point Pleasant Park, on which will be erected a handsome club house and a large and commodious house for small boats and canoes. The courses over which the races of the squadron are sailed are in full view from the club house, and a more charming spot for a summer afternoon it would be hard to find. If some of our "American friends" who, more and more each year, spend their summer vacation with us, would bring their yachts with them, they would be sure of a warm welcome and a good race from the yacht squadron.

F. H. BELL.

POINTS.

OUR visitors will find the following ships of sound advice of inestimable value:

Buy the *Daily Echo* every evening. It will contain most elaborate accounts of all the Carnival proceedings.

The city stores will not be closed during Carnival week. Take a trip to Dartmouth and enjoy a drive through the pretty outskirts.

Bogus press representatives are cordially invited to "Go to Halifax"—U. S.

"Take in" the big baseball matches and see the Sox' professional "beauty," Flynn.

Don't fool too much with the sentries guarding imperial property. Their rifles are supposed to be loaded.

If you notice anything about Halifax you don't particularly admire, write a letter to the *Daily Echo* telling about it.

Send the *Carnival Echo* to all your friends. They will appreciate your kindness and you will rise in their estimation.

Take "stock" of the militia when they turn out and if they're not better soldiers than your own, let us know in what particular. Halifax is proud of them.

Take one of the excursion steamers for a trip on the harbor, Bedford Basin and the North-West Arm. You will retain fond recollections of it for many years to come.

The Provincial Museum occupies the top story of the Post Office building. It is crowded with curiosities and Mr. D. Honeyman, who is an authority, will tell you all about them.

Admire the style of the ladies and come back soon to marry some of them—if they're not already married—and favor your desires. No reflection on the Halifax young men—or the ladies either.

Visit the public buildings and charitable institutions. Hotel and boarding house keepers will cheerfully give directions how to find them and you will receive a hearty welcome at any and all of them.

If any trouble is experienced in securing hotel accommodation, drive to the Carnival offices, corner of Granville and George streets. The officers of the Carnival will find you a comfortable and desirable resting place at a moment's notice.

Splendid surf bathing is to be enjoyed at Cow Bay, near the mouth of Halifax harbor, reached by a delightful drive often miles from Dartmouth. There are also numerous places on the shores of the North-West Arm and Bedford Basin where bathing may be indulged in, in safety and seclusion. Nobody in Halifax need be hard-up for a sea bath.

If you take an interest in stuffed birds and animals call at Mr. Thos. J. Egan's store on Water street, directly at the foot of Sackville, and inspect his magnificent collection. The birds are artistically grouped in cases and comprise all variety of natives. The extent of the variety is surprising and you will be amply repaid for your trouble. The collection is probably the finest in all Canada.

THE business places in Halifax are always square.

HALIFAX is not only excellent in itself as a city, but it is backed up by an honorable country. There is more intelligence and honesty to the square inch about Halifax and its vicinity than any other city in the lower provinces.

HALIFAX is a city of boundless charities. For a city of its size and population it has more homes devoted to the care of the unfortunate than any other city in the world. Its charitable and benevolent institutions are more numerous and better equipped than those of any other city.

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ILLUSTRATIONS AND ARTISTS.

THE numerous handsome illustrations presented in the *Carnival Echo* are the work of well known city artists and photographers, both professional and amateur. They embrace a large variety of subjects, in this respect doing Halifax far greater justice than it has ever received before, but by no means covering all points of interest about this naturally favored and interesting city. In a comprehensive work of this kind should be endeavored to present to the public as many of the attractive features of Halifax as possible, and this has been our earnest aim. Among the illustrations that adorn these pages, are the following subjects:—

Views in the famous Point Pleasant Park and Public Gardens.

Scenes on and around the Citadel.

Views on Halifax Harbor, Bedford Basin and the North-West Arm.

Naval and military scenes.

Halifax Streets.

Photographs of prominent churches and public buildings.

Portraits of prominent citizens, including General Sir John Ross, Commander of the British Troops in North America; Hon. A. W. McLellan, Lieut.-Governor of Nova Scotia; Hon. W. S. Fielding, Premier and Provincial Secretary; Hon. A. G. Jones, M. P.; Mr. T. E. Kenny, M. P.; Hon. M. J. Power, Speaker of the Legislative Assembly; Mr. William Roche, M. P.; Mr. W. C. Silver, President of the Chamber of Commerce; Mr. E. G. Kenny, President of the Board of Trade; Lieut.-Col. Worsey, Deputy Adjutant-General; the members of the Summer Carnival Executive Committee, and the Halifax City Council.

Among the artists whose work appears in the *Carnival Echo* are the following:—

Miss Besie Brown and Miss Fanny Mylius, two ladies whose artistic talent is recognized and appreciated in Halifax. The sketches "Looking Up the Arm," "Point Pleasant," and "Looking Down the Arm," are by Miss Brown; the view, "Near the Head of Bedford Basin," is from a painting by Miss Mylius.

Mr. George H. Craig, of Dartmouth, whose painting, "Prince's Lodge by Moonlight," has been greatly admired. This artist has recently been honored by the admission of one of his works to the Royal Academy Exhibition.

Dr. Geo. L. Sinclair, an amateur photographer of local renown, whose view of Fairy Cove, Bedford Basin, is an excellent production.

Mr. Bernard P. Saunders, another clever amateur photographer, whose fine picture of a summer pavilion in Point Pleasant Park graces the title page.

William Notman, W. D. O'Donnell and J. F. Newcomb, the photographers are represented largely. The splendidly executed groups, arranged in mosaic style, "From the Citadel's Summit," "Glimpses of the Public

Gardens," "Scenes on Bedford Basin and the North-West Arm" and "Scenes in Point Pleasant Park," besides other superior work in the book, were produced by Notman's skillful artists. The paintings and sketches of Miss Mylius and Miss Brown were photographed by Newcomb, and Mr. Craig's painting by Notman. The group of four views in the park and that of four churches are by O'Donnell. St. Mary's Cathedral, Grafton Street, Methodist Church and the Masonic Hall are by Notman. The public buildings are by Messrs. Saunders, Sinclair, Notman, Newcomb and O'Donnell. The portraits were principally executed by various city photographers, including Notman, O'Donnell, Newcomb, Ferguson and Ross; that of General Sir John Ross was taken in London and those of Hon. W. S. Fielding and Mr. T. E. Kenny by Topley, Ottawa.

The sketches presented in our magnificent colored supplement, showing the bombardment of Halifax and an attack on the Citadel, are from outline drawings by Mr. F. C. Bell, whose able work with the brush has won him considerable local fame.

ENGRAVING AND PRINTING.

The engraving of illustrations and printing of the inside pages of the *CARNIVAL ECHO* are lasting testimony to the high-class workmanship of Messrs. G. E. Desbarats & Son, Montreal, publishers of Canada's popular pictorial, the *Dominion Illustrated*. The execution of the illustrations by the photo-gravure process was decided upon because it was believed the most satisfactory results were to be obtained for a publication of this nature. The superior style in which this delicate part of the work has been performed is exceedingly creditable to Messrs. Desbarats and their staff of artists.

THE City of Halifax has always held a most unique position among the cities of this continent. It has always been distinguished for the peculiar character of its hospitality. The British visitor has been struck with the peculiarly refined atmosphere of its aristocratic element, and the American visitor with the superior culture of its democratic element. It is the city of extremes, in the qualities and characteristics which make a city delightful.



HON. W. S. FIELDING.
PREMIER AND PROVINCIAL SECRETARY.



GLIMPSSES OF STREETS IN HALIFAX.

THE STAR OF DESTINY

Or, ORION'S MYSTERY.



IN the year 1602, PIZARRO, a bold adventurer, sailed from Spain in search of conquest, and discovered what is now known as Peru, South America. At that time it was peopled with a race antedating historical records. Gold and silver were of no value, being used as commonly as Iron at the present time. It is recorded in history that PIZARRO conquered by the sword, a vast nation known as the "INCAS," or "CHILDREN OF THE SUN," who worshipped the stars, and from one of the temples, removed a curious stone covered with symbols, which, with vast treasures, he placed on his ships and sailed for Spain. The remarkable stone was found in the Museum, Madrid, and purchased in 1827, by the United States Government, and placed in the Smithsonian Institute at Washington. It has attracted the attention of thousands of Americans. The symbols contain a vast and curious amount of information.

THE STAR OF DESTINY

Will answer almost any question that may be asked on matters of importance. Coming events are predicted with accuracy, and will be a boundless source of information of value to every one. We have been to much expense to secure copies of this relic of this strange and shall give a copy of "The Star of Destiny" to each purchaser of any article; and we know it will prove of absorbing interest. The copies can only be obtained at

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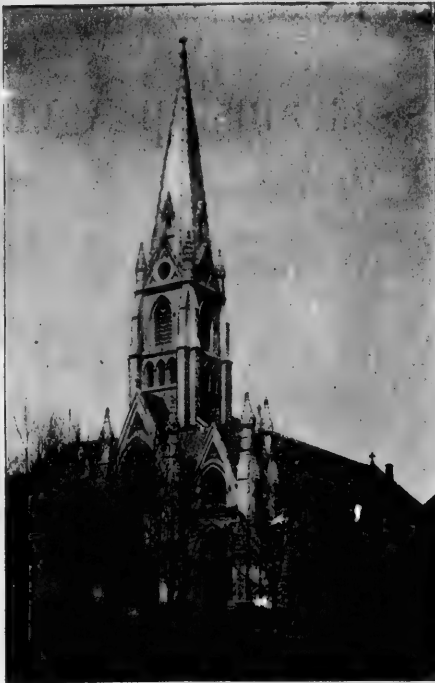
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ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL.

THE CARNIVAL PROGRAMME.



SIX days will be occupied by the great Halifax Summer Carnival of 1889, and each will be crowded with events calculated to satisfy the inclinations and tastes of all classes of people. Some features of the programme, particularly the imposing military and naval demonstrations and tournament, will be more novel to visitors than to inhabitants familiar with displays by Her Majesty's land and ocean warriors, but on this occasion these events will be interesting to all alike because they are to be on a more elaborate scale than anything of the kind ever before witnessed on this side of the Atlantic. Full descriptions are given elsewhere of the programme laid out for these portions of the Carnival. Now is given the Official Programme for each day:—

MONDAY, AUGUST 5th.

Afternoon—Aquatic Regatta;
Athletic Sports;
Professional Walking Match, between American and local pedestrians.
Evening—Promenade Concert in the Public Gardens; brilliant illumination of the vast grounds; music furnished by military bands.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 6th.

Afternoon—Military Tournament, participated in by Officers and Soldiers of Her Majesty's Army and Navy; baseball matches between American and local clubs.

Evening—Carnival Ball;
Promenade Concert in the Public Gardens, with illumination and fireworks.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 10th.

Afternoon—Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron Races;
Excursions and Concerts on the Harbor, Bedford Basin and the North-West Arm;
Baseball and Cricket Matches.
Evening—Excursions on the Harbor, Basin and Arm;
illumination of the Warships and Mercantile Marine,
Aquatic Concerts.

Excursions will run daily to the famous bathing resort, Cow Bay; to Bedford, Rockingham, MacNab's Island and resorts on the North-West Arm and around the harbor.

Steamers will run out to the open ocean for deep sea fishing. Friday has been proclaimed a public holiday to enable every body to witness the military and naval displays.

The military and naval forces will be reviewed on the common on a day appointed by the commanding officers.

The forenoons are set apart for recuperation from the exhaustive exercises of the previous day and night.

THE REGATTAS.

Following is the programme arranged for the Amateur and Professional regattas.

AMATEUR—FIRST DAY.

Four-Oared in rig, rowing not over ten inches off the gunwale;

Evening—Continuation of the Military Tournament;
Moonlight Excursions and Concerts on the Harbor, with illumination of the Ships of War.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 7th.

Afternoon—Running and Trotting Races on the Riding Grounds;

Band Tournament in the Exhibition Buildings, in which over 20 Bands will take part;
Professional and Amateur Baseball Matches.

Evening—Brilliant Illumination of the Harbor and Surroundings;

Gorgeous Pyrotechnic Display;

Continuation of the Band Tournament.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 8th.

Afternoon—Aquatic Regatta, including Single Scull Race, open to the World, for the Championship of Halifax Harbor;

Procession of Visiting and Local Oddfellows in Uniform;
Baseball Matches.

Evening—Firemen's and Trades Procession by Torchlight.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 9th.

Morning—Military and Naval Demonstrations on Land and Water, taken part in by the Imperial Forces, Regiments of Halifax Militia, Halifax Garrison Artillery, Royal Artillery, Royal Engineers and the British North American Squadron of Warships.

Afternoon—Firemen's Tournament;

Professional Sports;
Cricket Match between the Wanderers and Garrison;
Baseball.

1st prize—Four gold watches, and " —Four silver medals.

Two Pair Wherry Race:

1st prize—Gold Medals, and " —Silver medals.

Single Scull Race:

1st prize—Silver Cup.

Ship Flat Race, two pair oars:

1st prize—Two gold rings, and " —Gold scarf pins.

Canoe Race, two paddles:

1st prize—Medals, and " —Medals.

Rob Roy Canoe Race:

1st prize—Medals, and " —Medals.

PROFESSIONAL—SECOND DAY.

Four Oared in rig, rowing not over ten inches off the gunwale:

1st prize—\$200.

2nd " —\$100.

3rd " —\$25.

Single Scull Race—Championship of Halifax Harbor, open to the world:

1st prize—Cogswell Belt and \$140.

2nd " —\$40.

Labrador Whaler Race:

1st prize—\$100.

2nd " —\$50.

3rd " —\$25.

Ship Flat Race:

1st prize—\$25.

2nd " —\$15.

Men-of-war Barge Race, six or eight oared, open to army, navy and merchant marine:

1st prize—\$30.

2nd " —\$20.

3rd " —\$10.

4th " —\$5.

Men-of-war Dingy Race;

1st prize—\$10.

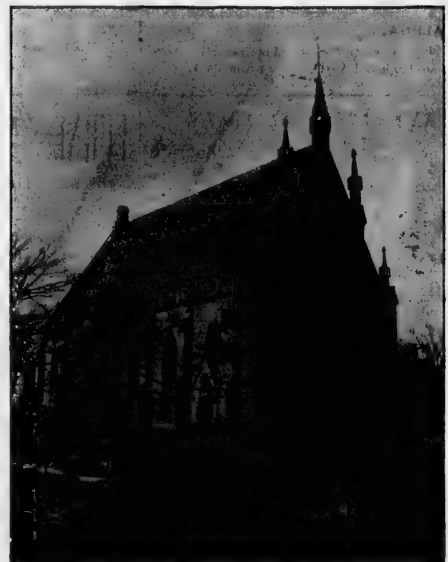
2nd " —\$5.

Canoe Race, open to Indians:

1st prize—\$15.

2nd " —\$10.

3rd " —\$5.



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Leave LONDON and HALIFAX every TWO WEEKS.

The "ULUNDA" and "DAMARA" of the above
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British Ship Owners' Co.	Liverpool
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The principal prizes offered in the firemen's tournament are:—

Hose Reel Race:
1st prize—\$150.
2nd " —\$50.
Salvage Corps Race:
1st prize—\$100.
2nd " —\$50.
Ladder Cart Race:
1st prize—\$100
2nd " —\$50.

THE NORTH AMERICAN SQUADRON.

The British North American war fleet at present composed of the following ships:

Bellerophon (flagship), 7,550 tons displacement, engines of 6,520 horse power, she mounts 20 heavy rifles and carries 563 men.
Pyrites, 1,420 tons, 1,640 horse power, 160 men and 14 guns.
Buzzard, 1,140 tons, 8 guns and 122 men.
Canada, 2,380 tons, 2,430 horse power, 10 guns and 270 men.
Comus, 2,380 tons, 2,450 horse power, 12 guns and 274 men.
Emerald, 2,120 tons, 2,170 horse power, 12 guns and 222 men.
Tourmaline, 2,120 tons, 1,970 horse power, 12 guns and 250 men.
Lily, 720 tons, 830 horse power, 100 men and 3 guns.
Forward, 455 tons, 450 horse power, 4 guns and 60 men.
Partridge, 1,200 horse power, 6 guns and 75 men.
Ready, 610 tons, 890 horse power, 4 guns and 78 men.



GENERAL SIR JOHN ROSS.

COMMANDER OF BRITISH TROOPS IN NORTH AMERICA.

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Halifax has a very large number of churches, and some of them are magnificent edifices. The list below, giving their location and denomination, will enable strangers to find them easily:

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

St. Luke's Cathedral, Morris Street. St. Paul's, Barrington and Argyle Streets. St. George's, Brunswick Street. St. Mark's, Russell Street. St. Matthias, Dutch Village, Holy Trinity, Jacob Street. Garrison Chapel, Brunswick Street, Bishop's Chapel, Robie Street.

ROMAN CATHOLIC.

St. Mary's Cathedral Church, Spring Garden Road. St. Patrick's, Brunswick Street. St. Joseph's, Gottingen Street.

METHODIST.

Brunswick Street Church, Grafton Street-Church, Charles Street Church, Kaye Street Church, Cobour Road Church, Beach Street Church, British Methodist Episcopal, Gottingen Street.

PRESBYTERIAN.

St. Andrew's, Tobin Street. Fort Massey, Queen and Tobin Streets. St. Matthew's, Pleasant Street. Chalmers' Church, Harrington Street. Park Street Church. St. John's, Brunswick Street. Grove Church, Richmond.

BAPTIST.

North Baptist Church, Gottingen Street. First Baptist, Spring Garden Road. Tabernacle, Brunswick Street. African Church, Cornwallis Street.

UNIVERSALIST.

Church of the Redeemer, Brunswick Street. Y. M. C. A. Building, Granville and Prince Streets.



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47 QUAI D'ORLANS.



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And beg to intimate that having
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SHIPS' OUTFITS AND FISHING SUPPLIES

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BAR IRON AND PIG IRON, NAILS AND SPIKES, LEAD, PIG AND SHEET TIN, ZINC,
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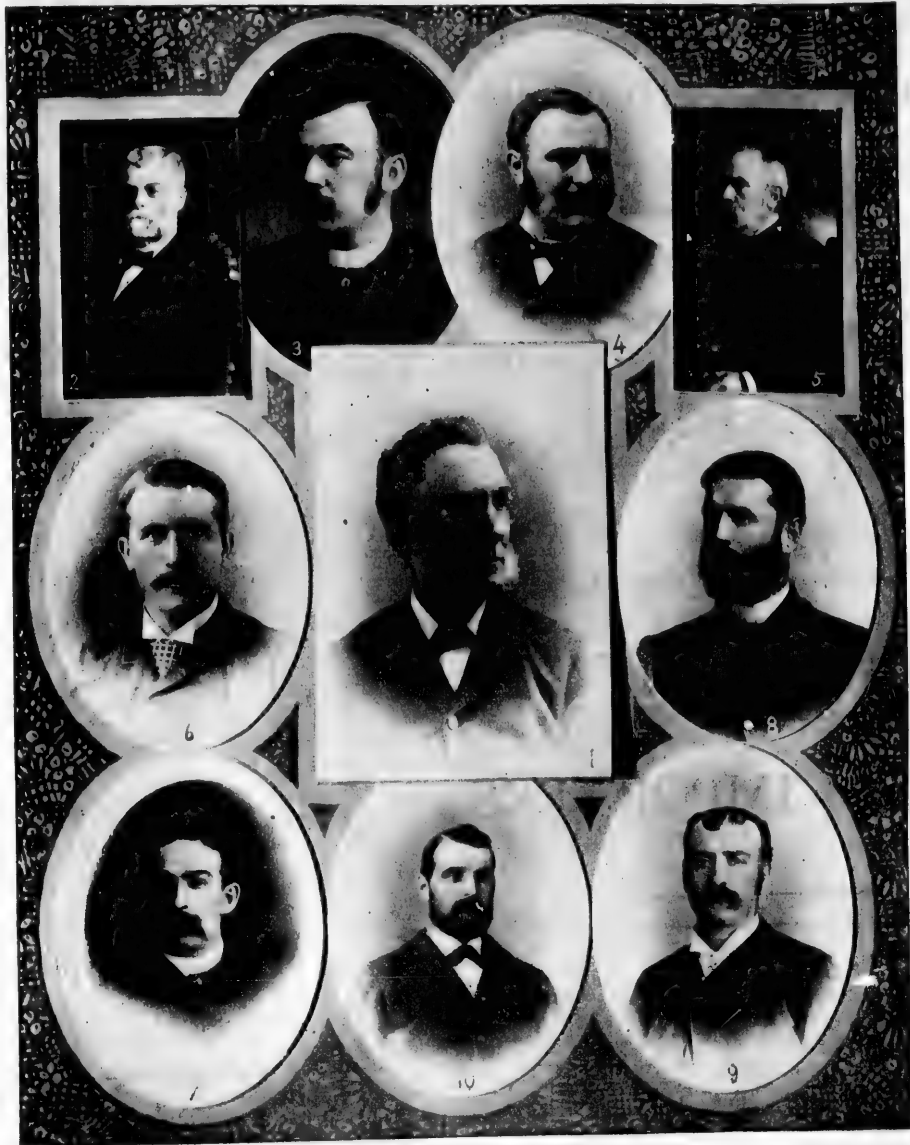
DURING Carnival Week they expect to be exceedingly busy looking after and showing what attention they can to their business friends who visit the city, and would therefore ask all to kindly make their presence in Halifax known, if not by a personal visit, send a card and address, so they may be called on.

A warm welcome will be accorded to all who call to see one of the most complete Hardware Establishments in Canada. The well known travellers, Capt. Douglas, Mr. Horton and Mr. Forbes, will be at home and will be pleased to see their numerous friends. Messrs. Wm. Stairs, Son & Morrow take this opportunity of intimating to their business friends that Halifax will have a "Merchants' Week" during September next, and that they will be on the lookout for a visit from all who cannot attend the Carnival.

COME ONE! COME ALL!!

NOTE THE ADDRESS

174 to 190 Lower Water St. **Wm. Stairs, Son & Morrow,** • Halifax, N. S. •



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2. ROBERT TAYLOR.
3. GEO. E. BOAK.
4. L. J. HESSELEIN.

1. GEO. J. TROOP, *Chairman*.
5. A. K. MACKINLAY.
6. L. J. MYLIUS.
7. H. G. BAULD.

8. G. H. CAHAN
9. J. C. O'MULLIN.
10. W. C. BISHOP, *Secretary*.

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and Tools.

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THE VERY LIBERAL PATRONAGE GIVEN
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YEARS, AND HOPES, BY STRICT ATTENTION
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IMPROVED. THE PARLOR HAS BEEN
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BEEN SUPPLIED WITH NEW FURNITURE.
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One Fifty per Day. . . .

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HALIFAX, 25th MAY, 1889.

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HOLLIS STREET.

FOR LOVE OR MONEY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FOR SALE BY ALL PUBLISHERS."

CHAPTER I.



"I lived in a dear old town like this I should feel very romantic," said Marjorie, leaning back in the great cane chair and making a soft splash of colour in her dull blue dress against the background shadow of a belt of spuce trees that flanked the broad verandah.

"Why?" asked her companion, absently. "Romantic! Halifax? It is only very dull, I think, some-

times, and you have to send home to England for your best frocks. I cannot see any romance in that!"

"You have lived here too long to appreciate it," returned Marjorie, seriously, her dark eyes lighting up. "If you had always been hustled about from one big city to another like I have, you would understand why I love the dear old fusty place. Some of the streets are so crooked and quaint, and, then, the Citadel rears itself up, as though it were watching us all. I like hearing the noon and the night gun fire from it, too. It has an Old World feeling, as if we had stepped back a century or two and were in the Middle Ages. Look there, Bertha, dear," with a little gesture to where the North-West Arm lay blue beneath them, the thickly wooded opposite shore rising in every shade of green and blossom against the summer sky. "Look there! Is there anywhere on the earth a more beautiful view than that? I never tire of looking at it."

With her words the American girl rose and, pushing aside a tangle of gourd vines, leaned over the verandah railing, letting her eyes wander lovingly over lawn and shrubbery down the heaving grass land to where the waters danced sunlit. Her cousin rose and joined her, and the two girls stood beside each other, each a type of their race, akin, yet different.

A Nova Scotian, born and reared amid the snows and pine trees, Ruth Cheriton, without being actually a beautiful woman, had the clearness of eye and skin and firmness and roundness of a girl who, in her tom-boy days, had tobogganed and snowshoed with her brothers in the winter, and pulled their boats and rode their horses in the summer.

Now at twenty-one, her tobogganing took a milder form on Collins' Hill, with the accompaniment of a chaparron and muffled claret. Yet, if she did dance sometimes until the daylight, it did not make any difference to her, when her birds and flowers found her among them at an hour when Captain ---- or Major ----, her partners of the night before, would be languidly demanding a brandy and soda to prepare them for the fatigue attending the duties of Her Majesty's Service.

By and by her rounded form might be full and voluptuous. Now the silver belt she wore clasped a slender waist, and the soft folds of her white gown outlined a graceful figure. The cousins were a little alike, but Marjorie's face lacked the colour and brightness of the other's, and contained a sharper, more acute expression, while the stamp, the indescribable impression of New York, was upon her clothes and about her. The bangles on her wrists had an air of Tiffany's, and Halifax young women would find those little high-heeled boots of her's uncomfortable and unprofitable wear in the town where rocks and stones obtrude unpleasantly on the pavements and veritably a snare unto your feet.

An observer would describe Marjorie Grant as clever and interesting-looking. Ruth was generally known among her acquaintances as a "sweet girl."

"Besides," went on Marjorie, "here you do not always live in the atmosphere of money that we do. It is so comfortable not to be forever hearing of dollars and cents and judging people by their possessions first and themselves afterwards. If the girls cannot afford a new dress for a dance, they just brighten up an old one and look quite as pretty and get quite as much attention. Fancy doing that in New York! Some of the officers' wives are poor, too, and know it, and yet they seem quite contented. Oh! yes, I like the town and I like the happy-go-lucky life. I have enjoyed every moment since I have been here."

"Dear, I am very glad to hear you say so," said sweet-faced Mrs. Cheriton, coming through the long windows to where the girls stood.

"Auntie," answered the girl, caressingly, "you and dear Uncle spoil me, I am afraid. I was just telling Ruth what a lucky girl she is."

A pretty country home this old-fashioned house, with its broad verandahs and outlying lawns and terraces; the silver thread of the Arm winding past its shores, studded with cottages, large and small, and boathouses reflecting themselves in the lightly rippled water. From where the three ladies sat, a pretty foreground in their cool summer dresses, they could see far out into the distance, where the hills stretched away from green to purple, from purple into

grey, the Arm widened into the ocean, and Thrum Cap marked a blur on the horizon. The indescribable salt sea scent mingled with the perfume of limes and hawthornes, and as the afternoon shadows came stealing deeper across the lawns, a "loo-ee" from young voices on the water made a high note amid the tinkle of the teacups and low chatter of the voices of about a dozen people now assembled round the tea-table on the verandah.

Beechwood held a just reputation for hospitality, and, when "the ladies" were at home, rarely an afternoon passed without its bevy of *amis des maisons* established with tea or strawberries about in the various shady places whither their hostess would lead them.

In the group there were two or three pretty girls, and a little married lady, with a baby face and innocent blue eyes looking out from under a wide hat, "seeking what she might devour," as Marjorie would say.

The type is not palatable to an American.

The son of the house (you could tell by his likeness to his mother and sister) provided a small syren in pink with strawberries; and two or three army men, in white flannels, stood or lounged about, making themselves generally useful. Conspicuous among these was a tall man—Captain Travers—his athletic figure showing to advantage in the thunder and lightning blazer that showed he wrote R. A. after his name. His face was bronzed and fairly handsome. There was no striking expression about it to show whether he was good, bad or indifferent to outward appearance; simply one of the many men in the service. Halifax sees various varieties of coming and going. A little taller and better looking than his fellows, perhaps; older and more interesting to "maiden fancy" than the average subaltern, whose fresh, honest English face is innocent save for a very callow down when they first become full-blown and gorgeously-arrayed servants of The Queen, God bless her!

Captain Travers talked to Marjorie, and Ruth's blue eyes wandered more than once in their direction. Her companion was a younger looking man, with a pleasant face. At the rink, in the winter, and at the garden tennis grounds, where fashion congregates in the summer, it was a usual remark among those astute people who generally know other people's affairs before the interested parties are themselves aware of them, "that Mr. Hanton was surely fond of Miss Cheriton"—with more truth, perhaps, than is usual to gossip in Halifax or elsewhere. But Jack Hanton was "poor but honest," as he would have told you himself, and he had evidently not spoken his part as yet.

"I'm afraid," he said, suddenly, breaking off the account of a garden party at Admiralty House he had been at yes-

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terday, and to which another engagement had prevented the Beechwood party from going. "I'm afraid that our batteries leave here in the fall."

Ruth had been watching Marjorie pinning a spray of sayings in Arthur Travers's coat.

"You don't mean it?" she said, half rising from her chair. There was a note of intense pain in her voice.

Jack looked at her in astonishment and his heart gave a little joyful jump under the red and blue jacket.

"No soon," she smiled, recovering herself. "We will miss you all."

"Will you?" said the young man, softly. "Not more than we will miss you."

Captain Travers gave a little turn of his head, so that his long mustaches touched the little spray of white blossom.

"It is very sweet," he said. "Thank you."

"Of course you are coming to our dance to-morrow evening. Miss Grant, won't you let me take you for a turn round the Point Pleasant Park in the afternoon, just to freshen you up?"

Was Marjorie flirting? or did she like this man that she answered so readily. "Of course. We are all going to put on our best war-paint in honor of the hall. I should like a drive above everything."

"At four, then, I will come for you," he said, lifting his hat to her, and walking back to where Mrs. Cheriton, with Ruth and her son's fiancée, were talking alone together.

"Good-night, Mrs. Cheriton. You will bring all your party to-morrow night, won't you?" And presently they heard the wheels of his dog cart going up the drive.

"Tom has taken Mr. Hanton to the stables," said Miss Barton.

"He will probably ask him to dinner," returned Mrs. Cheriton, with a little restless yawn. "I always feel uncomfortable about Captain Travers. He comes here so often and always stops late, and I never can ask him to dinner, or even to come out and go on the Arm in the evening, because your father dislikes him so," giving Ruth a little worried glance.

"I thought uncle couldn't dislike anyone?" asked Marjorie, thoughtfully.

"He dislikes him," answered her aunt, "and I don't know why."

"Because he's a cad, and all the men dislike him," said the future Mrs. Tom, with conviction, as Ruth went quietly into the house.

"I am glad you said that," the elder said to her, as they brushed their hair together before dinner, "because you know for some time I was afraid he was attentive to Ruth, and then Marjorie came, and he seemed to be more with her; and really Marjorie, with all her money, is a great responsibility in this place, full of idle young men."

"Don't worry, Mrs. Cheriton. I fear Marjorie can look after herself," the girl said. "Let me fasten your cap for you."

Dinner at Beechwood was a pleasant meal, not too long, and early enough to be taken in the summer without lights. None of the party were in evening dress, for regulation dinner toilets and the delights of lobster spearing or boating on the water afterwards are not compatible. Indeed, the younger ladies had exchanged their light summer dresses for warm tailor gowns, for in Halifax, rarely too hot in the summer time, the evenings are always cool. Out on the verandah lay a heap of rugs and fur cloaks, for use later on, and in the drawing-room the flicker of a fire, although it was August, looked very comfortable, as it glowed on the chairs and book-laden tables, and danced on the rosewood of Ruth's piano.

"Don't stay out too late," warned Mrs. Cheriton to "her girls" when the gentlemen joined them in the drawing-room for coffee, bringing with them a suggestive cigarette colour.

"Do you mind smoke?" asked Jack Hanton, half guiltily.

"I like it," answered Marjorie, as she handed him his cup. "My poor mother never feels the scent of a cigar without tears coming to her eyes. My father was a great smoker."

"Your mother is a widow?" he interrogated.

She nodded her head. "And I am her only child," she answered, moving away from him.

"Winnie and I are going out in the canoe," called Tom from outside. "Jack, you take the girls in the white boat."

"I don't think I care to go on to-night," said Marjorie, by this. "I'm a chilly person, you know. I shall stay and talk to uncle and auntie. Go for a walk," as they hesitated. "I'll join you by-and-by."

"Your cousin doesn't look strong," Jack remarked, as they strolled up the tree-arched avenue, "and yet she never seems to be really ill."

"I think it is her American bringing-up," returned his companion. "They do not leave the healthy, out-door life that we do, and they keep their houses too hot. When I was staying with Marjorie in New York, a couple of winters ago, I had to keep my windows open, my room was so suffocatingly warm."

"I suppose that has something to do with it," answered Jack. They went up the long walk without speaking for some moments. Ruth had wrapped a long red Russian fur-lined cloak around her. Her soft hair was uncovered, and the woman's eyes rested lovingly on the curls the night wind played with, and the pure profile of her face against the twilight. At the gate they stopped to listen to the frog chorus, "Cheep-cheep, cheep-cheep."

"Nova Scotian nightingales," with a little ripple of laughter. "Is not this air lovely?" throwing up her head to inhale it.

"Come down the shrubby walk," said Jack, unsteadily, lighting away his cigar.

The pines and cedars in the hedges heard an oft-told tale that night, and poor Jack went home to his bare barracks with a sad heart. He had put his fate to the touch and lost all, and the boy's brave heart was well nigh broken as he tossed on his couch of little ease, while as the day came in, his restless slumber was broken by the hammer and shoutings of the men decorating and putting up marquees for the dance in the evening. The disorderly mess-room—always, as the artillery barracks are so small, turned topsy-turvy for a couple of days before a dance—gave a sense of physical discomfort to his wretchedness; and as all the regiment were expected by the colonel to turn out in force for their ball, he could not well apply for leave and take to the masculine source of comfort in grief or perplexity and take himself off fishing. No. He must meet his fair love that night, and even dance with her, or the whole world would know. She had said she had liked him, but that she could never marry him. Poor, honest, big-hearted Jack! When he went with the rest of the mess to dinner at their colonel's, he looked so miserable that his kindly hostess told him he needed to take more care of himself, more nourishment, or a tonic egg-nog in the morning, or "beef, iron and wine" through the day when he felt tired.



MASONIC HALL.

CHAPTER II.

"There is a screw loose somewhere," said Marjorie Grant to herself, descending the broad staircase slowly drawing on her long silk gloves, while Capt. Travers tandem champed their bits at Beechwood door. "Ruth is jealous of him; Ruth is fretting about him. Whether it is his fault or not remains to be seen. Seven thousand a year, Marjorie, is your worth," she muttered, settling her hat before the glass in the hall. "Yes, a nice little nest egg for you, *mon beau capitaine*." And, forthwith, this young woman, whom her country folk would designate "smarm," greeted the object of her thoughts all smiles at the door.

Quick at repartee, fair to look on, to do Capt. Travers justice, he would have enjoyed his drive quite as much had her face been her fortune as now, when he looked upon it as another stroke of the wedge home.

"Hem, the matter need not be ashamed of her," thought this son of Mars, as a sudden sweep of wind over the road by Steel's Pond swept Marjorie's hat off and the sun fell delightedly on her uncovered hair, and kissed it until it gleamed again. "By Jove!" he exclaimed aloud, pulling up, while the groom started in chase of the truant head-gear; "I wish my mother could see you now, Miss Grant. She delights in pretty women."

"You don't call me a pretty woman?" asked Marjorie demurely.

"Don't I?" impressively; "and a very dear one," in a low tone. Then louder, for the groom's benefit, "I hope you can get that on, Miss Grant, in this blowy place."

"I guess it is the gilding," was her irrelevant reply, rendered unintelligible by the fact that she had two long hat pins between her teeth.

"Look at those—ling vessels. What a fleet of them there is!" she exclaimed, as the horses trotted along by the sea road. "They look as if they were starting for a race. Halifax has a right to be proud of this park," she went on.

"The wild beauty of it is so impressive. It must be even more beautiful in winter, with the spruces and pines laden with snow, and the breakers roaring along the shore. The forts are in keeping with it too," as they passed one with the cannon on its ramparts pointing a-wards, and a couple of soldiers lounging by the gate, who sprang to attention and saluted as the dog cart went by.

"It is a good station," he answered; "but I know a better—India—if it were not for the heat, and Gibraltar is not bad. See! There is the English steamer, the fortnightly boat," drawing up to watch the ship steam slowly past the mouth of the Arm up the broad harbour. They remained after she had gone past, looking out over the heaving water, with a distant sail breaking the blue here and there, and a sea gull flashing over a wave. The breakers rolled in with deceptive softness, and the rocks, by name "Hen and Chickens," drenched by yachtsmen, peeped their brown heads above the waters.

Presently the steamer fired her guns and the ponies started restlessly.

"You have never been to England?" he asked, when he had got the spirited animals under control.

"No."

"Should you like to go?"

"I think so."

"I wonder if I dare ask you something!"

Her face flushed. In spite of her clear head, in spite of her careful training, she was but a girl after all, and a girl does not hear a man ask her a question as a question, that tone, unmoved. She looked away and did not answer. At that moment a dog-cart past them and the captain lifted his hat to the lady and gentleman in it.

"Nisbit, of the—th, and Mrs. Scott."

"I don't think you would ever become the fashionable, frisky matron."

"We know what we are, but we do not know what we may be," she quoted, with her native audacity asserting itself, in spite of the wish in her heart that she could dare let herself love this man, that she was not the sole heiress of a successful Wall-street speculator.

Capt. Travers reined in his ponies. "You can walk up this hill," he said abruptly to his groom.

"Necessary evils," he remarked, as the horses went slowly up the ascent.

His lips were set in a firm line; his eyes were fixed on her. "Marjorie, my darling, my own love, my pretty one, will you marry me?"

The low spoken words thrilled on the air. For a single moment her eyes clouded, her pulse beat quickly. "Marry him!" This six-footer. This soldier with the dark eyes and winning voice. "Marry him!" Her little fingers closed themselves round the handle of her parasol; but only for a moment.

"Do you mean that?" she asked quietly, in a constrained undertone.

He looked at her. Long practice had made him perfect in the art, and no finished coquette ever made more use of the gifts nature endowed her with for mankind's destruction than had Capt. Travers of his dark grey orbs during the some ten or fifteen years he had served under a cupid's flag as well as the Union Jack.

"Do I mean it? Oh! Marjorie! Can you doubt me, dear? Give me an answer?" he asked after a pause.

"Child!" fiercely grasping the little hand that lay in her lap and almost crushing it in his own; "if you knew how I love you."

"Give me time," she faltered; "give me until to-night."

She could not trust herself to trust or reason while he was so near. "Give me until to-night."

"My love! my love!" he breathed into her ear.

The groom got in at the top of the hill, and they went rapidly down the Lower Road to the Spring Gardens.

"Is not this Wednesday?" she asked in her usual tone.

"Let us go into the Tennis and get some tea."

He lifted her out at the lower gate of the beautiful gardens, and they walked through them to the upper end, where the Tennis Club have their courts. Hosts of little ones and their nurses ran and shouted about the shady paths, and endless varieties of baby carriages trundled past. The Egyptian geese in the ponds mingled their discordant shriek with the "quack! quack!" of the chicks as they missed or gobbled up the choice morsels fed them by the youngsters. A fat and lazy pony drew a roller slowly across one of the lawns. Workmen passed them in groups homewards, swinging their dinner cans and thinking of wife and supper. It was a pretty picture of city life. As they walked along in silence Marjorie was curiously conscious of every little detail—the light and shade of the branches across the paths, the sickly baby with its white face in the shabby carriage, the old lady leaning on the young man's arm. Long afterwards she remembered it all.

As they neared the tennis courts they could see the group about the tea table, and figures fitting to and fro.

"Bother," exclaimed Marjorie; "they will all be talking about us now."

Travers started. He had been in a day dream; wishing vaguely he had never met Ruth; thinking how he would regret the old homestead; thinking of the proud lady mother, whose heart he had tried from his boyhood up. She cannot but be satisfied now, he thought, glancing at the girl's dainty figure beside him, her graceful carriage, her well-poised head with its thoroughbred air. Truly, the gods had been good to throw this golden chance in his way.

"So they will," he returned. "Well, I expect it is not the first time."

She blushed. "People here talk about every thing," she answered.

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"It is always so in small places," he said, holding open the little wicket gate for her to pass in.

Marjorie was on chattering to the group of girls about the tea table. Her bright face and vivacious manners made her a favourite with them. "They are never envious," she had once said to Ruth, "and they are not always thinking of frocks and bonnets. In New York when you first make friends with a girl the first thing she does is to show you her gewgaws. Here it is different. Why, Minnie Craigh told me the other day that she always made her own dresses. How nice it must be to do that! If I knew how to make a dress it would be twice the fun wearing it."

"Minnie probably thinks how nice it would be to be you and not have to be always thinking of ways and means," her cousin had answered.

Marjorie thought of that by-gone conversation as she spoke to pretty, shy Miss Craigh now, now prettier and shyer than ever with her new-found happiness, for she was not just engaged to Mr. Cadwell, of the —th, and receiving her congratulations! Marjorie wished her all happiness. "Ah," she thought, "you may well look so happy. You have no doubts between you, and I would change places with you eagerly, though you will be poor as a church mouse all your life."

The old story of the princess sighing for the peasant's free life, and the peasant for the princess' diamonds, repeated all its own life's grades to the washerwoman, who envies her next door neighbour who can afford a "help," and the next door neighbour who envies her because she has only herself to please and no one to worry her. "What is the use of money?" sighed the heiress, as so many have done before her.

They left the tennis grounds together and drove to Beechwood through the tender evening air.

"You will tell me to-night," he whispered as he helped her out at the door. "Thank you! I cannot come in," he said. Cheriton, who came to meet them; "we are all dining early at Colonel Lynch's to-night. I will see you again I hope. Are we not fortunate to have such lovely weather?"

"I shall have the devil of a scene with Ruth," he said unconsciously aloud, half way up the avenue.

"Beg pardon, sir?" asked his man turning round.

"Didn't speak?" growled his master, giving the header a cut with the whip.

"Did you have a nice drive, dear?" asked her aunt of Marjorie. "Why, you have quite a rosy colour," pinching her cheek. "I have been to the Infants' Home and the Hospital, and I called at the Barracks to see Mrs. Bolbee. The baby is so pretty! Ruth is not well," anxiously pausing half way up the stairs; "she has had one of her headaches. She looked so miserable when I came I was afraid she would not be able to go to-night."

"Oh! I'm so sorry," said Marjorie, with a sinking heart.

"Is it not provoking?" returned her aunt; "just when I wanted you both to look your best to-night. Well, I suppose it can't be helped. I made her take a hot bath

and some tea and lie down. If she looks ill at dinner her father will never hear of her going out."

Marjorie went to her room. Was it true? Was it true? Was it her Ruth's lover? Was it for him she was fretting? she asked herself, letting down her masses of hair. "Oh! my wretched money," cried she between clenched teeth; "it has never done me any good, and now it makes him turn from her to seek me and break her heart! What shall I do? He shan't break mine though," she said, jumping up and going to the glass. "If he is like that he is not worth a tear from either of us."

Ruth in her chamber was trying to make a brave struggle to keep up appearances. Poor little girl! Hers was a nature that expanded and bloomed under love and the sunshine of happiness. Ill fortune would kill her as frost a hot-house flower. Of a stronger physical frame than her cousin, she possessed not one-tenth her strength of mind. She could never put a man from her thoughts and dethrone him from her heart because she knew him worthless. No, no! Her love had grown while his was getting fainter. A year ago! the thought once so sweet was now a "sorrow's crown of sorrows." A year ago he had been her devoted lover. The remembrance of his warm kisses, his passionate caresses, his tempestuous ways of catching her to his breast, his thousands of loving speeches, speeches no doubt he had made to many a woman before, came back to her now, hurting her like fire. "It is my just punishment," the girl cried again and again to herself. "I never should have deceived poor papa and mamma." And yet she went on loving him, while he seemed to take a cruel delight in showing her his carelessness and faithlessness. Oh, men! men! How many of you, from ages past, play at being idols in our hearts, and then weary of your altars and the life-blood incense we burn on them, step down and show us the feet of clay you have kept covered with the robes our fancies have embroidered for you!

Capt. Arthur Travers had been from his cradle a "child of darkness," and therefore, a wise his generation." Of an old and impoverished family, the heir to a baronetcy, with very bare acres attached, expensive tastes and a weakness for the fair sex, that had led him into not a few scrapes, he was not the favourite among men that he was generally with women. His good looks and winning ways had not yet brought to him any maiden with a goodly dowry in her hand, and he had drifted into a flirtation with pretty Ruth partly because he had nothing else to do, partly because she was about the prettiest girl about that he could see, and chiefly because there was always full and plenty at Beechwood, and he argued there must be something behind it all. Now, Mr. Cheriton, like a great many Canadian merchants, could afford to live comfortably, nay, with luxury; make one son his partner, put another into the law, give a third his commission; and though Ruth would not go for a husband she was about to satisfy and support Capt. Travers or his ilk. Ruth was as helpless in her lover's clutches as a wood pigeon in a snare. A week after he had placed his first kiss on her cheek, the first lover's kiss that had ever reddened it,

she would have died for him. She consented to keep their engagement a secret from her parents. Much as she loved him, this was a hard point for him to gain; but she yielded step by step to stolen interviews, smuggled kisses, deception after deception, that her inner heart cried out against; but she adored him, and, like other weak and foolish women, trusted in his love. In the meantime he set to work to discover what his pretty love was worth as a worldly speculation, and, so well did he work, that it was not very long before he knew exactly the capital and worth of Mr. Cheriton's business, the son's allowance, the expenditure of the household, and the probable dower of the daughter of the house. Things did not please him quite, but then he might do worse. After a time his affection towards her grew cooler. He had been really in love with her freshness and youth for a little while—that is, as much in love as he had been forty times before. Every glance of his to another, every dance he danced with any one else, was torture to her. And then Marjorie came.

An American heiress, a really highly bred, good-looking woman, Arthur Travers did not hesitate for one moment as to what he should do. Day by day she had seen it all; day by day watched him drifting away from her. She was helpless; she could do nothing. She could only bear her torment in silence.

Her cousin had been there for three months now. The gallant captain rarely did anything in a hurry, and believed in feeling his ground carefully first. She had struggled hard and blamed herself for not trusting him, poor soul, and learned the bitter lesson of smiling with a wounded heart. At last her spirit had broken; at last she had utterly given way. Jack Hanton's white man, when she told him she could never love him, haunted her. Oh! why did God let so many people be miserable! Why did so many things go wrong! With a sharp pain she watched Arthur Travers and Marjorie drive gaily away, and then she had utterly given way, with a storm of sobbing shaking her in an abandonment of bitter grief.

CHAPTER III.

The four whose life threads were so interwoven met at the ball, Marjorie looking well in an exquisite toilet, her beautiful little head carried, perhaps, a little more haughtily than ever; Ruth's prettiness almost softened and improved by her slight pallor and the dark shade under her eyes. Capt. Travers and Jack Hanton greeted them with very different feelings, and, as the brilliantly lighted rooms filled with a more brilliant throng, who would seek such things as aching hearts underneath all this music and laughter.

Capt. Travers had arranged his programme so that his dances with Ruth came before those with his new love. "Better tell her and have it comfortably over first," thought this young man; that Marjorie would dream of refusing him never entered his head. Why did the band play "Gellieb und Vortoren," that salient of it an sweet waltz music, as her faithless lover placed his arm round Ruth's slender waist and they circled together to the waiting strains. Did he regret, as her warm breath fanned his neck, as he felt the wave of her white bust and a stray perfumed curl brushed his cheek in the turn of the dance?

"Come and sit out," he said almost roughly, pausing at the lower end of the room. It was early in the evening. People had not found out the many places provided for flirtation and the interchange of confidential ideas yet. The long row of decorated tents opening one into the other were empty. There were plenty of seats in couples snugly encoined behind banks of moss and fern and draped flags. To one of these he led her, and they sat down. A short time ago, alone like this, his arm would have encircled her, his kisses fallen on her lips. Now he did not touch her, and she did not expect it. She felt instinctively a crisis had come, and waited for him to speak with the curious feeling that she was not herself, that it was some other tortured creature's agony she was witnessing.

He stooped and rearranged a group of fairy lights. "Ruth," he said uneasily, "you know—this nonsense of ours—"

The blood rushed to her brain; the expected blow hurt not the less as it fell. The awful truth of his utter baseness, of her wasted heart, lay in fire clear before her. In the half light her eyes gleamed large upon him.

"I wish she would not look at me like that," he thought, angrily. "She makes me nervous." "Well," he went on awkwardly, "you see it so. It's been a mistake, you know, but there's no harm done and we'll be friends still."

A little man was all the answer that came from her. "If she'd only say something or cry," he thought. "Well, she's not going to make a fuss; that's a comfort." "You're a good girl," he went on, "and a sensible one too."

Certain at the end of the tent lifted, and two people entered unseen and unheard by the others, under the shelter of a tall Japanese screen.

"You see," they heard Travers' voice say, "we never could have married. Your father hates the sight of me and I have not got one penny to rub on another."

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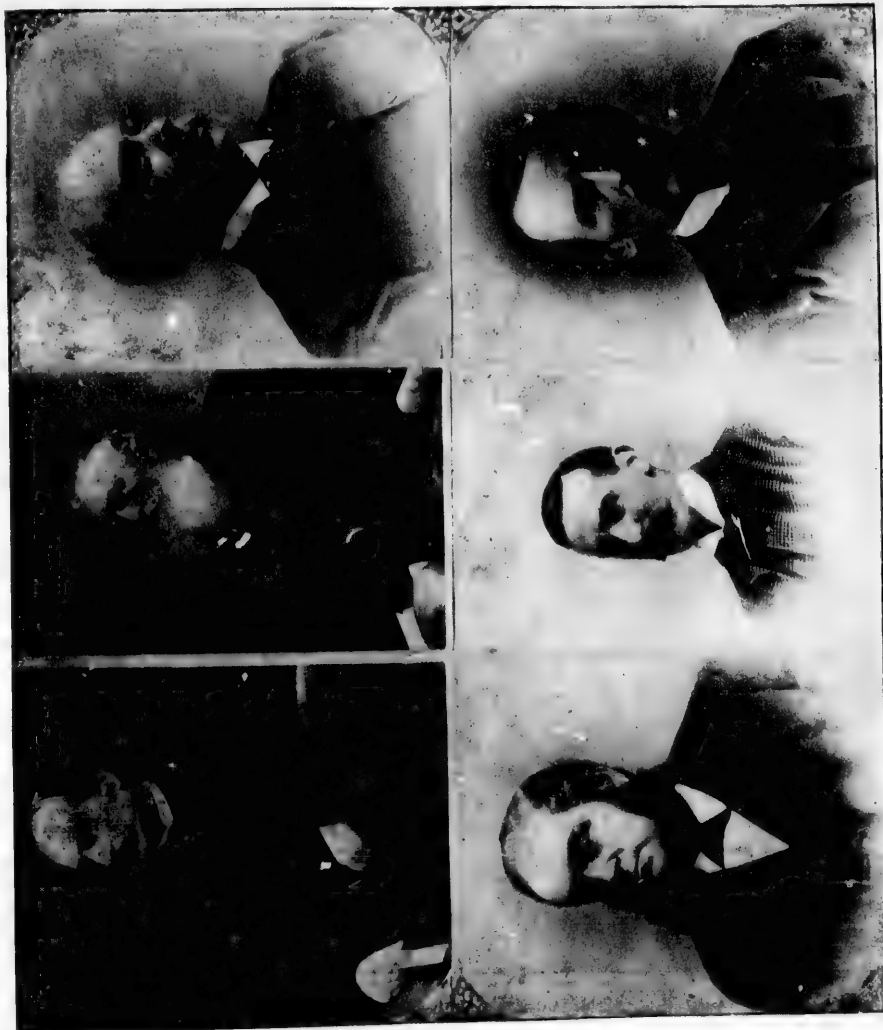
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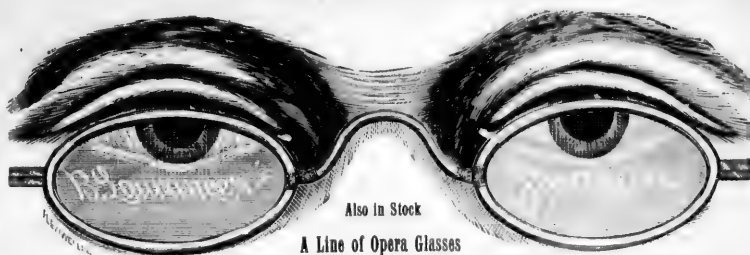
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The listeners, Jack and Marjorie, gazed at each other without speaking or moving. Gaining courage by his comrade's silence, Travers went on. "I may as well tell you I'm going to marry your cousin, Miss Grant." Startled by her face, he laid his hand on her cold bare arm. "Don't make a fuss, old girl! It is better so. Kiss me good bye and —"

She shook him off like a serpent. "May God forgive me, I never can," they heard her say in tones no one but love from her before.

They passed down the tent between the lanterns, and thus, the coloured lights making flakes of prism on her dress, and he followed her, sheepishly, without looking back.

"God curse him!" muttered Jack, while Marjorie sank into a chair and covered her face with her hands.

Ruth paused in the covered passage. Her breathing unsteady and fast like a fever patient. She opened her eyes once or twice. "Take me to the dressing room and let my mother I want her," she said with difficulty.

It was obeyed her, half frightened, and went to seek Mr. Hanton. He shook himself entering the ball room. "What a nasty job," he thought, relieved, "but it's worth the goodness. She's not the kind of girl to tell or trouble, and she will be all right in a day or two."

Mr. Hanton was seated in confab with several other officers. "Oh dear," she exclaimed, in return to Capt. Travers' whisper, "I should not have let her come. She has not been herself all day, and what shall I do with Marjorie?"

"Let me look after her, Mrs. Cheriton," said the doctor's wife, kindly, "and your son can take her home."

"Oh! thank you," assented Mrs. Cheriton, "if you don't mind. It seems a pity to take her away," and she hurried down the ball room with Capt. Travers. In the hall they encountered Jack.

"I'm afraid I shall have to take Ruth home," she said, stopping him. "She has not been well all day. Why! you look wretched too," noticing his drawn face. "I'm afraid you have been overworking yourself."

"It's only my head, mamma," moaned Ruth in the dressing room, "only my head. Don't worry. I want to go home." Like the wounded deer, she wanted to get to a quiet place, away from the noise and the distant laughter and the dreadful band of music beating into her brain.

Her mother worried and fussed about a thousand things. "Was it the sun?" "What had she eaten?" "There was scarlet fever about," and so on. But Ruth was deaf almost senseless. A great pain kills itself. She only tried to get home.

At the entrance their carriage was waiting. She hardly saw Mr. Hanton waiting to help them in. With a sudden impulse, when he had closed the door on them, he leaped to the box beside the driver. "I might be of some use to her, my poor darling," was the thought in his mind. The horses bore them swiftly through the sweet

night air. Inside Ruth leaned back against the cushions, so still her mother thought she slept. Only the roll of the carriage broke the night silence as they passed alternately under the white glare of the electric lights and into the deep shadow of the pines.

"Are you better, dear?" asked her mother gently as they stopped at Beechwood door.

"Yes," with a faint wan smile, as they helped her into the house.

When the carriage reached the gates on its way back to the town Jack stopped it.

"I shall walk back," he said to the man as he got down. "I cannot go back there," he felt, thinking with a shudder of the lights and music and bright faces, and turning his feet unwillingly towards the house.

"My poor darling, my sweet girl," he murmured, looking longingly up at the lighted windows. "How you must have suffered!" His strong heart felt his powerlessness to help her as he stood there. He would willingly have died for her, and yet here he was helpless, only able to pray and hope the years might bring happier days to both.

Her mother had undressed Ruth with loving hands and left her with many soothing kisses to sleep. To sleep! Should she ever sleep again? Pacing up and down vaguely wondering can this be I? A ghostly figure, dimly reflected in the long glass. A desperate figure leaning against the wall panting for breath. A tortured figure face downwards on the bed, writhing under sorrow too much to bear. The pretty room seemed to her fevered imagination like a prison; the air in it choked her.

Mechanically she wrapped herself in a long cloak and fumbled with nervous fingers for the door. "I cannot bear it," "I cannot bear it," she kept saying, creeping down the stairs. Stealthily, along the half-lighted hall, stealthily through the shadowed rooms and out into the night. "To end all," she whispered, "end all."

Down the veranda, where so many happy afternoons had been laughed away, dead days, dead laughter, never to return. Out into the night. The gravel cut her little feet; the grass gave cool kisses to their burning touch. A black figure in the starlight. Nothing in tree's shadow, and a black figure in the light. Again Jack caught sight of the moving form and followed it. Was it Ruth? Who was it? And he followed as she flitted past path and shrubbery down to the shore. As she stepped on the little pier he recognized her form clear against water and sky, and started to run. Too late! Swift as he was, before he reached the railings there was a splash and muffled cry. In a second he had plunged in after her; in another he rose with Ruth in his arms. The water was not deep, not more than ten or twelve feet, and he supported her on his left arm, while with the right he grasped the wooden support of the wharf to pull himself up. But what was this holding him back; with all his strength he could not stir. What was it dragging him down, winding itself with iron grasp tighter and tighter about him. Oh! God! the eel grass; the treacherous, snake-like grass that sends up its fronds giant strong, and holding once a victim never lets it go.

"Help! help! for God's sake help!" A fishing schooner off for bait lay at anchor not two hundred yards off. Every mast and spar reflected in the water and her tired crew in the little cabin wrapped in deepest sleep.

"Help! Help! Help!" Only the shriek of the night hawk was the reply.

"Help! Oh! Help!" He could see the dark pile of the house above him, with a bright light faint in one window, but there came no response to his struggles and cries.

What was this stealing lap! lap! The tide rising!

To drown! Great Heavens! To drown here like a chained dog within ten yards of land.

Strong as he was the bands that held him were stronger. All his struggles only entangled them more.

To drown! With his unconscious love on his arm, her dead weight dragging him down. Here, clinging to the little wharf, where so many summer days he had made one of a merry party. A groan burst from his lips as, looking at her pale face, he remembered it was the very place he had first met her, amid a gay throng watching a regatta on the Arm. Three years ago! Good Heavens! Three centuries!

Above his head he could see the high water mark, fully two feet above him.

"Help! Help! For the love of Heaven, help!" Surely those cries would wake the dead.

Only the lap! lap! of the brackish water stealing up inch by inch, and from the background hills the faint and distant echo of his voice. Soaked through, his heavy uniform hanging on him like leeches, the girl's weight numbing his arm, how long, how long, could he hold against the straining power sucking at his lower limbs? How long?

How long had he been there? Hours, surely hours! Was it his numbing sight, or the darkness before the coming day creeping down black and chill on land and sea? To his shoulder, nearly to his neck, the creeping water came.

"Oh! the English home! The mother, the rosy-face sisters. Oh! Christ have mercy on all our sins.

Hark! What was that—that advancing, rumbling sound? Wheels, surely wheels! Tom and Marjorie returning from the ball.

His cry rang out with the desperation of despair. "Help! Help! Help!" and from the hills behind came "Help! Help! Help!"

"What was that?" asked Marjorie, stepping out of the carriage.

"Help! Help! Help! Help! Help! Help!"

"Some one in the Arm!" said Tom and the coachman together.

"Shout!"

"Hi! Hi!"

"Help! Help!" and fainter, "T-o-m!"

"They started to run, shouting as they went to the shore,

"T-o-m!" called Jack, faintly, as his voice and a splash

guided them.

After days of anxiety and despair the pitying doctors told Ruth's mother she might live. As for Jack Hanton, when they got him out of the water there was a dark bruise on his temple and a little stain of blood. He had struck against a lutting stone as he and his helpless burden sank into the water.

There is in the military burying ground of Fort Massey a slender shaft of white granite:

Sacred to the Memory

OF

JOHN LUDWIG HANTON,

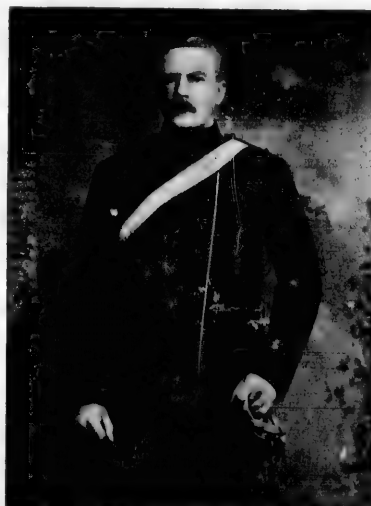
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Aged 35.

"He gave his life for another's."

When Ruth was able to travel, the shattered wreck of the old bright Ruth, her sorrowing parents took her to the south of France, Marjorie and her mother going with them. A different Marjorie too, not so sarcastic at home, but a trifle harder outside, and men find her difficult to get on with. She seems to have no sympathy with their little weaknesses, and says she will never marry, but "never" is a long time. Her uncle and aunt adore her, for she has been their right hand through their trouble.

As for Capt. Travers, his brother officers showed him pretty plainly their opinion of him when the story leaked out, and he found it convenient to exchange to another station. Even there he does not find the service as pleasant to him as it used to be, for in the small, ever-changing circle of army life unpleasant stories follow a man from garrison to garrison.



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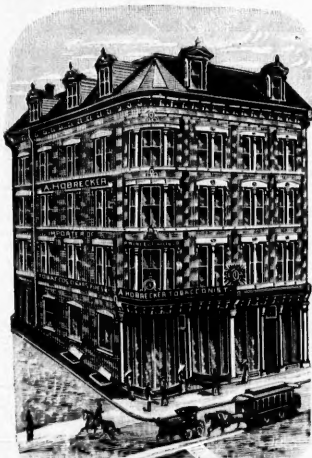
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NOVA SCOTIA

A FIELD FOR CAPITAL AND ENTERPRISE

**Mining
Fishing**

**Lumbering
Farming**

**Fruit Growing
Manufacturing**

RARE ATTRACTIONS FOR THE TOURIST AND SPORTSMAN.

ATENTION is directed to the resources of the Province of Nova Scotia, which offers a very attractive field for the employment of capital, enterprise and industry. The fisheries of the Province are famed for their productiveness. Lumbering operations are successfully carried on. The mineral resources are far beyond those of any other country of the same area. Some of the best farm land in America is in Nova Scotia. Fruit is widely grown, and the apples of the Annapolis and Cornwallis valleys are among the finest in the world. There is vast water power that can be utilized for manufacturing purposes. The climate is excellent, and particularly attractive in summer and autumn to the thousands in the United States who wish to escape the heat in their cities. There are scores of places specially adapted for summer resorts. The many tourists who visit the Province, during the summer, find that they can obtain all the comforts they desire at a cost far below that of the popular fashionable resorts in the United States. Sportsmen will find ample means of enjoyment with rod and gun in the season. The scenery of the Province is varied and beautiful.

Particular attention of capitalists is invited to the mineral resources of the country.

THE MINERAL RESOURCES OF NOVA SCOTIA.

Placed at the mouth of the St. Lawrence, and overhanging the eastern coast of America, its position marks Nova Scotia out as a halting-place in the highways of the sea, and its numerous and deep harbors permit the approach of vessel to within a few miles of every locality yielding mineral or agricultural wealth. The natural position of Nova Scotia indicates that she should be the workshop of a large part of the American continent; that here, more profitably than in most places, should sugar be refined, cotton be spun, and iron ores be smelted and worked into the thousand articles needed by the contractor, the manufacturer, and the farmer. Here alone in the Dominion of Canada are found in juxtaposition—coal, iron, flukes, gold, etc., a boon conferred by nature on very few countries.

THE COAL FIELDS OF NOVA SCOTIA.

The first to be noticed is the SYDNEY COAL FIELD, on the east shore of Cape Breton. It contains ten coal seams, from 3 to 12 feet in thickness, besides numerous smaller beds. The coals are highly bituminous and coking. Many of the seams yield coals well adapted for gas making, and, as appears from numerous certificates, almost equal to Welsh steam coal. Several of the seams enjoy an enviable reputation as good domestic coals.

Coal is also found at Loch Lomond, River Inhabitants, Port Hood, Mabou and other points in Cape Breton, but little attention has yet been paid to these localities.

The PICTOU COAL FIELD is noted for the unusual development of some of the beds. There are 16 seams known, from 3 to 34 feet in thickness. The coal has its chief reputation as a good strong steam coal, adapted for use under all forms of boilers.

The CUMBERLAND COAL FIELD is large and being rapidly developed. It contains numerous coal seams, similar in character to those of the Pictou district, and is largely used for steam and domestic purpose.

Coal is met at several points in Colchester County, but little is known about it.

During the year 1888 there were 1,776,128 tons raised. This gave employment to 2,680 men and 586 boys underground, and to 1,144 men and 160 boys above ground. The number of days' work performed was 879,618, and 355 horses were employed.

THE GOLD FIELDS OF NOVA SCOTIA.

The Atlantic shore from Canso to Yarmouth is occupied by the auriferous strata. The width of the district varies from 10 to 40 miles, and its area is estimated at 6,000 square miles.

The Nova Scotia gold is derived entirely from vein working. The worked veins vary in thickness from 2 to 60 inches, and are found bedded in quartzite and clay slate.

The gold occurs in these veins principally in the shape known to miners as "coarse" gold, and is in nests and strings of every shape and size.

The quartz is treated in this Province in steam mills only, driven by water or steam power.

As yet "alluvial" gold has not figured to any extent in our returns.

The Government issues Prospecting Licenses, good for one year. The holder can convert these licenses to search into leases, at the rate of \$2.00 for an area of 250 by 150 feet.

The total output since the year 1862 is estimated at 456,161 ounces. During the year 1888, there were 163,772 days' labor expended in and about the mines, producing and milling 36,178 tons of quartz, which yielded 22,407 ounces of gold, an average yield per man per day for 12 months of \$2.46.

From the above it will be seen that the business, although small, pays well. The immense extent of available territory and the favoring conditions of a healthy climate and moderately priced labor, point out the Nova Scotia gold fields as a promising territory for the legitimate exercise of the miner's art.

THE IRON ORES OF NOVA SCOTIA.

There can be little doubt that in the near future the smelting of our varied stores of iron ores will prove a most important industry in this province.

Beginning at the western end of the Province, we have a range of ferrous strata, extending from Windsor to Digby.

Between Windsor and Truro there are numerous deposits of iron ore.

The only locality at which iron is smelted in Nova Scotia is Londonderry. Here an immense vein of Ankerite, 30 to 150 feet wide, holding brown hematite, extends for many miles, and has been worked for a number of years.

The pig and bar iron made here is of excellent quality, and finds a ready market.

In Pictou County workable deposits of clay ironstone, hematite, limonite, specular and spathic ore are found in the district extending from Arisaig to Glengarry on the Intercolonial railway.

Some of these deposits are of unusual size, and favorably situated, as the Watson ore bed, 15 feet thick, within three miles of the Pictou coal field.

The following analyses will show their character:—

	Specular	Limonite	Hematite
Oxide of iron.....	99.01	93.00	70.00
magnesia.....	2.16	1.40	—
Alumina.....	24	—	—
Carbonate of lime.....	1.07	—	—
Phosphoric acid.....	—	—	—
Sulphur.....	—	—	—
Silica.....	3.66	4.80	25.83
Metallic iron.....	64.41	62.00	45.47

Limestone suitable for flux is everywhere met between the coal and iron districts.

In Guysboro' County several valuable deposits of specular ore have been opened and worked.

In Cape Breton, valuable deposits of Brown Hematite and Magnetite are found near Lake Ainslie and Whyccomagh and East Bay. Spathic ore occurs on Boularderie.

COPPER.

This ore is found in this Province in rocks of every age.

The trap associated with the Trias of the Bay of Fundy yields native copper at many points.

Deposits are frequently met in the Upper and Lower Coal Measures of Cumberland, Colchester, and Pictou Counties.

At Lochaber and Polson's Lake, in Antigonish County, some valuable deposits of ore have been proved.

At Cosheath, in Cape Breton, a vigorous development is being made of a deposit carrying yellow and purple ores.

A line of railway has been located, and the right of way arranged for from the mine to a loading and smelting ground on Sydney Harbor, about 6 miles from the mine.

The work has so far been confined to several very promising veins being worked on the "Cosheath" Lease.

Gabarus, St. Ann's, and Cheticamp, may be mentioned among numerous other points in Cape Breton, where promising indications of deposits of this metal are found.

LEAD AND SILVER.

The ore of lead most frequently met here is galena, generally carrying silver.

At Gay's River and Pembroke, the ore is met disseminated in limestones, in quantities which have warranted a

good deal of exploration. At Smithfield, in the same district, still larger deposits are met, and preparations are being made to work them.

MANGANESE.

This ore is frequently found in Hants County, the mines of J. W. Stephens, Esq., having produced considerable quantities of very fine high grade ore.

Small lots of ore have also been mined in Colchester County. Extensive deposits of the ore are found at Loch Lomond, in Cape Breton, of good grade and readily accessible.

GYPNUM, OR PLASTER OF PARIS.

This mineral is found in Nova Scotia in immense quantities as soft and as hard gypsum. It occurs in beds frequently 100 feet in thickness. It is exposed to view in the Counties of Kings, Hants, Colchester, Cumberland and Antigonish, and at numerous points on the Bras d'Or Lake of Cape Breton.

The chief quarries are in the vicinity of Windsor, which maintain an annual exportation of about 100,000 tons to the United States.

PAINTS.

Various beds of ochre and umber are worked to a small extent for local use, and yield shades of red, purple, etc.

BARYTES.

This mineral is found at numerous points in the Province, and is confined to no particular geological horizon. The Messrs. Henderson & Potts have a mine at Gay's River, from which they took 1,000 tons in 1888.

STONES FOR BUILDING.

The building stones of Nova Scotia are chiefly sandstone and granite. The various grades of the former are supplied almost entirely from Cumberland County, at Wallace, Joggins, Minudie, River Philip, etc.; in Pictou County, at River John, the Pictou Rivers and Meigmish.

On the Basin of Minas various localities in Kings and Hants Counties yield materials adapted for building purposes.

There are numerous localities yielding syenites and porphyries, which are apparently suitable for building and ornamental purposes, although I am not aware of any practical tests. Among these localities may be named the Colequid Mountains (Nova Scotia proper), and St. Ann's and Boisdale in Cape Breton.

Granite occurs along the Atlantic shore in every variety of texture, etc. Shelburne, Queens and Halifax Counties have yielded handsome varieties, utilized to some extent in Halifax.

The lower carboniferous limestones have hitherto been used for little beyond lime burning, but they merit more attention for building purposes than they have hitherto received. At some points in Cape Breton, limestones are met metamorphosed into marble, as at West and East Bays, George's River.

Flags, slates and clays are abundant and worked for local use.

Among other minerals may be mentioned Antimony (of which several hundred tons are annually mined), Salt Springs, Graphite, Infusorial Earth, Grindstones, Fireclay, etc.

The following table will serve to show approximately the amounts and quarry values of some of the minerals mined in 1888:

	Quantities	Value.
Gold.....	22,407 Ozs.	\$ 436,936
Iron Ore.....	41,611 Tons.	8,222
Manganese Ore.....	88	6,400
Coal Raised.....	1,776,128	1,770,000
Lake Made.....	29,808	74,500
Gypsum.....	185,800	184,597
Syenite.....	1,100	5,500
Grindstones, etc.....	17,293	37,293
Moulding Sand.....	169	338
Antimony Ore.....	308	4,000
Limestone Flux.....	15,448	13,000
Limestone for Lime.....	10,000	9,500
Bricks.....	M	7,000
Total.....		\$2,599,818

For information respecting Nova Scotia address Hon. W. S. FIELDING, Provincial Secretary, Halifax.

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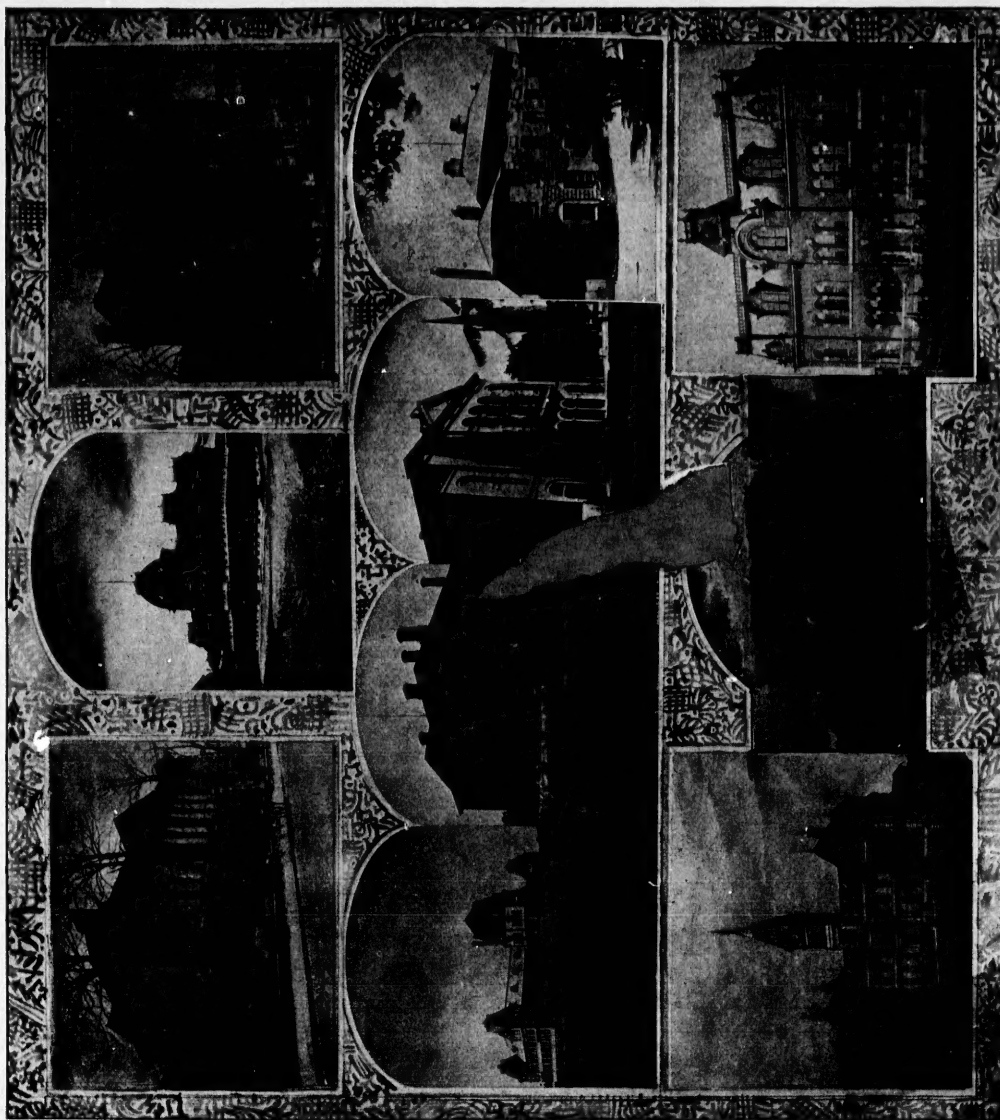
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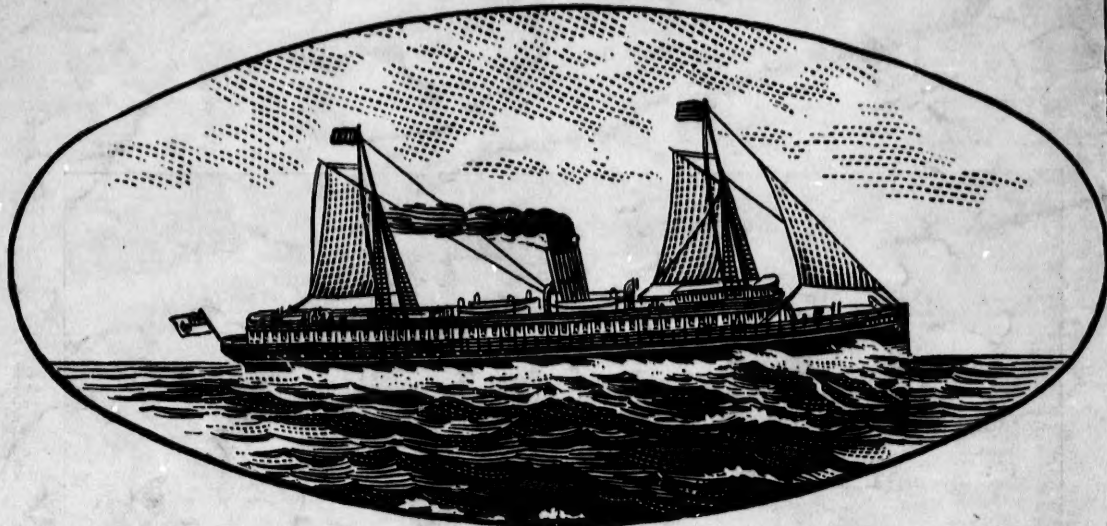
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